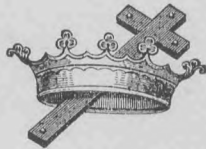


MEMORIAL
OF THE
CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'

—Job xiii, 15.

ANDREW BOYD.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
PRINTED AT THE DAILY JOURNAL OFFICE.
1874.

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AUSTEN'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

C. R. RICE & CO., PRINTERS.

see also Harpers Weekly
June 11, 1874

Festival and Concert!

TUESDAY the 23rd has been selected for the STRAWBERRY and ICE CREAM FESTIVAL at the parlors of the Central Baptist Church. In connection with the Festival The LITTLE OLD FOLKS CONCERT will add to the enjoyment of both old and young, and any who let slip this opportunity for a pleasant entertainment will have only themselves to censure. Strawberries and Cream for all.
jun17ddd6

"Posterity delights in details," to enumerate which and put in permanent form the incidents of a sad calamity in our midst, this little book is issued.

The above advertisement appeared in the papers of the day, and, together with the efforts of the good people of the Church, tended to draw a large number on the evening referred to.

On this eventful evening mentioned, my wife and I were making a call on Warren street, just around the corner from the Central Baptist Church, and hearing a terribly loud crash which, in an instant, was followed by people running upon the sidewalk, I ran out and followed at my best speed; in less than two minutes I was inside the building and saw the scene of woe. But before I had run a hundred steps I became impressed with an idea that it was the Putnam Public School (directly opposite the Baptist Church) that had fallen in; perhaps my mind associated that building with the crash because of the *Little Children's Concert* which I knew was taking place that evening.

Going from Warren street, of course I reached the rear end of the church first, where was the scene of disaster. I first saw a man endeavoring to break through the third window from the south-west corner, where the jog was in that part of the building. Buttoning up my coat I sprang towards the second window, to which I climbed up, and finding it partially held open by a long hook, I soon wrenched it open, and getting in, found myself in the infant class-room, between which and the larger school-room or chapel were glass doors; the glass had been broken by the crash and through the broken panes the plaster dust was

coming thick and stifling, and being almost, if not wholly, dark, it rather gave one the idea that on the other side of these doors *the entire building had fallen, and gone clear through to the cellar*; for a moment the feeling was one of fear to enter; but only for a moment, for soon the eye gained vision, and then a weird sight presented itself; white forms were scrambling up like spectres from this dark abyss of ruin, and running out towards the door without uttering a word, as if tongue-tied with horror; gentlemen too, with wild and dishevelled looks, and their clothes covered with lime and dirt appeared upon the scene, while above all there arose the piteous cries of buried ones that seemed to suggest prophetically that lips silent forever more might not be far away—it might be were lying by their side; and that if joy had held its own in happy hearts and jubilant voices a few minutes before, Death, who levels all, *now* had full sway.

I at once entered *under* the ruins in the south-west corner of the chapel and there I saw much to make the heart ache, and which pen cannot easily picture. By this time several persons were assisting, some of whom were gentlemen who had gone through the death hopper without serious hurt and who had turned about to help others less fortunate. Cries were coming up from all quarters of the dark room—"Oh don't tramp on me"—"Oh keep off my face"—"Oh you are hurting me"—"Oh PLEASE help ME, won't you?"—"Oh my poor mother"—"Oh dear," and a hundred similar and other exclamations so full of tender pleading as to make it difficult for any hearer to keep back the tears. Soon the police and firemen arrived and so many went to work that it was somewhat of a relief to those who had first entered.

The excitement was intense! The portion of floor hanging over my head seemed likely to come down any moment; men were hurrying to and fro; the sound was deafening! Continued calls were made for some article, such as "Bring a light this way, a light!" then the cry would run along between those inside until it reached some window, where it was echoed by willing voices outside and *willing* feet and hands returned with many lights, and an odd variety too they were, old fashioned and modern. Anon the call would ring out for an axe, and soon it seemed to me all the old, little, and big kindling-wood axes of the neighborhood were brought in, and the sound of chopping began which often

suggested a new crash. Calls for saws, and for water followed, and each came and did their mission.

How nobly men worked, apparently not stopping a moment to think of self or counting the danger that might lie in wait for any of them,—only large hearts feeling that there was something to be done for poor humanity's sake, and *DOING IT*; but in the haste and anxiety to render assistance, timbers were sawed and chopped and moved, which, while releasing some one right *there*, fastened, or hurt, or jeopardized some one else at the *other end*,—and I had a fearful dread to remove much of anything, lest in doing so, some person unseen by me might be crushed, or killed, or some support be taken away which would create a fresh calamity. It tortured my mind terribly. Indeed I saw the effect at the time of the danger that *might* ensue from hasty removal of settled *debris*, and heard of it afterwards. Still, it was no time to pause, or hesitate; every moment heart throbs were growing shorter.

Many of the bodies were passed out through the windows in the corner, and about midnight but one remained under the ruins, and that was being speedily taken out. I then decided to leave the scene, and, climbing out of a window, went in search of my wife where I had left her around the corner. I found that she, too, had been busy.

* * * * *

A pleasant family group sit around the breakfast table where all is peace and joy. The newspaper is opened—a sip of coffee, and then a glance at its columns. Under telegraph news the eye is fastened by the line, "A Terrible Accident!" hastily you run your eye down the article. You may give a sigh and utter an expression of horror at its sorrowful details, and then you read it aloud. The current of the meal is changed—there is a sad pause, during which your thoughts are far away; your heart is stirred deeply, if you have a sympathetic nature, (and, thank God, it is still to be found in the poorest of natures, even though fallen.) But you must be off to business; so you say good bye, and hurrying away are soon at the office. Business care and excitement crowds out heart, and the morning news is soon forgotten. But let a like occurrence happen in our own town, and it presents a larger claim upon our attention; it is a *home matter*; every feeling is touched; the tenderest part of our nature is awakened; we possibly

know every foot of ground where the accident happened ; and, as for the victims, why we have bowed friendly greetings with many of them a hundred times ; have shaken hands kindly with them that very day, and we recall their pleasant faces in the cloud of grief which comes before our eyes. There is not a feeling but goes out with its sweetest sympathy. Every pulse is thrilled ; the lips quiver like harp strings at lightest breath, and the eye closes to stifle back a tear ; one feels as if the

“Pulse of nature
Had run down and ceased to beat.”

* * * * * *

As one many times enters the guest chamber lately filled by some tender friend peopling it with their presence long after they have departed, and lingering where they have left a charm, so it was with myself next morning. I went immediately to the ruins, where, the night previous, I had seen so much anguish and sorrow,—where I had seen the dead and dying and the bleeding forms of our loved mother sex, and saw with timid eye the possible shadow of death which had hung over my own head. I remained about the building nearly all day as one might thoughtfully stand by some grave.

I wondered if what had happened was BEST. Out of evil cometh good. Were more souls brought to Christ ?—were people suddenly brought to realize their indifference to God's blessed religion, and to turn and say, “I will arise and go to my Father,” and thereafter have a closer walk with God ?

To all, the discipline of chastening is at times severe ; but light and joy cometh in the morning to him whose eye resteth on the star of Bethlehem. To the Christian, God's hand is seen in everything, his faith is increased, and he trusts Him the more. We reverently say, “Our Father who art in heaven”—

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

ANDREW BOYD,

140 East Fayette Street.

Little Old Folks Concert at 10 o'clock.

Central Church Festival,

WELCOME.

BILL OF FARE.

Tuesday, June 23rd, 1874.

Strawberry Shortcake, - - - - 25 cts.

Served from 8 to 9.

Coffee, 5 cts. Tea, 5 cts. Lemonade, 5 cts.

Sandwiches.

Ham, - - - 10 cts. Beef Tongue, - - 10 cts.

Pickles.

Cucumber.

Tomato.

Ice Cream.

Vanilla,

Strawberry,

Lemon.

Strawberries and Ice Cream, 25 cts.

Strawberries, 20 cts. Ice Cream, 20 cts.

Fruit.

Bananas, 10 cts.

Pineapple, 30 and 35 cts.

Oranges, 5 and 10 cts.

Lemons, 5 and 10 cts.

Cake,

Confectionery.



Tuesday Evening, June 23, 1874.

Upon the night of the 23d of June, 1874, there occurred in our fair city one of those calamities which are so awful as to cause the great, busy, selfish world to stand still and with tearful eyes and tender sympathy, offer heartfelt words of consolation.

It was a beautiful evening—a quiet summer night had closed in—the light of the sun had already faded away but the “thousand eyes of night” shone with a silvery radiance which illumined the peaceful earth. The twilight hour had lingered long as though loth to leave the charming scene which it bathed in its soft and mellow light. The streets of this goodly city were dotted with parties of pedestrians bound toward a church, whose success and blessed influence were the marvel and admiration of all. Youths and maidens full of bright anticipations of coming enjoyment, passed gaily by; little children clad in festal garments, tripped hurriedly on with all of childhood’s impatience; proud parents joined the throng anxious for the success of their loved little ones.

Within the parlors of the CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH evidences of suggestive taste and willing handiwork were on every side; garlands of evergreens, festoons of glowing flowers, and richly draped flags formed a fitting framework for the richly decorated tables laden with the grateful fruits of the season. Here the festival was to be enjoyed; here also, was to be given the “Little Olde Folks Concert,” upon the preparations of which so much loving thought and training had been expended.

At an early hour the guests began to arrive; cordial greetings and affectionate enquiries, were exchanged, light, harmless jests passed merrily from lip to lip, gay peals of laughter rang out upon the summer air, and to the super-

ficial observer all was well. The young and beloved pastor accompanied by his most estimable wife, were in the midst of the happy groups, giving and receiving pleasant salutations. Every heart was bounding with joy, every eye was beaming with pleasure, the cup of happiness was full to the brim with a clear sparkling draught of the elixir of innocent enjoyment, and every lip thirsted to taste. It is sweet to linger upon this joyous scene, the echo of musical laughter even now rings in our ears, and the brightness of a day that went out in utter darkness is a pleasant memory.

The calm still night grew old apace, the tide of pleasure was at its flow, the halls were filled to repletion with a happy throng, the tremulous voice of the aged mingled with the round, full tones of men and women, while the treble notes of childhood rose clear above all.

Many kind ladies and gentlemen composed the committees, but we only give the names of the managers :

FLORAL.—Mrs. A. C. Spencer, Mrs. Harrison Hoyt, Mrs. J. M. Crow.

ICE CREAM TABLES.—Mrs. J. H. Benjamin, Miss Mary McElroy, Mrs. Dr. O. E. Wainwright, Mrs. R. V. Miller. Mrs. C. C. Downing.

SUPPER TABLES.—Mrs. M. S. Combs, Mrs. W. Garrison, CANDY.—Mrs. M. J. Reed.

LEMONADE.—Mr. J. H. Eaton.

CONCERT.—Mrs. M. Electa Hale.

The hour for the opening of the concert drew near, the children were gathered in an ante-room where the loving hands of mother and friend were preparing them for the "ancient concert." But for this fact, the fearful story yet to be related would have been more fearful still. Within this room all was merriment and glee. The bright eyes of the little ones sparkled with a brilliancy born of perfect happiness ; merry peals of laughter greeted each maiden as she stepped forth arrayed as a lady of "ye olden time."

In the parlors above expectation was at its height, the appearance of the singers was momentarily expected, feasting and the welcoming of new comers who every moment augmented the already crowded assemblage, occupied the time and thoughts of each and every one. At this moment when to outward seeming all was peace and security, an impalpable shadow of coming woe brooded dark and awful above the devoted church.

Alas! that in that throng, no eye was so clear that it could pierce the gross veil of material things, and, seeing the failing chord, cry out in warning voice, "flee, flee from the evil to come!" As the throng of pleased and happy guests are awaiting the closing entertainment, a tremulous motion is felt in the floor beneath their feet. A few, more cautious than the rest, leave the apartment, but the majority gave no heed to the slight warning. The moments pass on fleeting wing; suddenly, as when a flash of lightning darts from a clear sky, or a dark and terrible chasm appears where but a moment before was solid ground, a crash is heard, the floor sinks, the ceiling falls, the heavy timbers yield, and down, down into utter darkness, amid shivered beams and stifling plaster, broken furniture and twisted gas pipes, old men and maidens, young men and children, are hurled in inextricable confusion. For a moment, a silence awful in its intensity reigned, and then, groans of agony, shrieks of terror, wails of mortal fear, anguished cries for help, arose in one great chorus from the struggling, bleeding, dying mass of humanity. Consternation seized upon the bravest there, but soon presence of mind returned to those on the surface of the writhing sufferers—the windows were reached and thus egress into the streets gained. Among the first to extricate themselves was the young and devoted pastor, Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling. He ran through Montgomery street to East Genesee, and thence to No. 1 Engine House. Both firemen and police, with that promptness and energy for which they are always noted, hastened to the spot and rendered efficient service. An alarm of fire was struck and the engines appeared, but happily the horrors of fire were not added to the awful catastrophe. Within an incredibly short period of time after the calamity (which occurred at twenty minutes past nine,) the space about the church and the streets leading thereto were thronged with a mass of people, swayed by one common impulse, and that the noble one of giving aid to the victims. In the universal sorrow the bonds of a universal brotherhood were felt and gladly recognized. Among those who gathered about the church were many who had relatives, or friends within; it may well be imagined, their agonized inquiries for loved ones, their anguished cries of sorrow added not a little to the horror of the dark hour.

Who shall attempt to depict the piteous, fearful scene within the edifice? The pencil of a Doré might give an outline approaching reality, but only those whose eyes were appalled by the dread vision can ever fully realize its awfulness. Those who were uninjured although shocked and unnerved, went bravely to the work of rescuing the less fortunate. A large number of lanterns shed a lurid glare over the agonized mass of humanity who lay bruised, maimed and dying in the V shaped vortex. The first moment of fear and horror passed, the name of God was spoken in agony and pleading. Through Heaven a tale of woe was borne and the angels of Holy Love and Peace were sent to soothe the children of Him who had been brought to so grievous a pass. Eyes which were the homes of silent prayer, gazed steadily upward; lips, to which prayer was no strange utterance, poured forth at this dread hour supplications full of yearning love and pious resignation; notes of praise fell upon the listening ear, breathed by those whose Christian trust faltered not even within view of so awful a scene as this.

The work of extricating the unfortunate was carried on quietly, calmly and systematically, and as the living, one after another were released, grateful prayers of thankfulness arose from loving hearts whose fears were so happily dispelled; but as the dead were by reverent hands brought out into the quiet night, sharp cries of despair and agonizing appeals for sustenance under this heavy weight of woe pierced the still air of the summer night. Men who but a few moments before had stood erect and confident in the full flush of manhood, proud fathers and loving husbands, now lay prone upon the ground maimed, mangled, dying, dead; noble women and true, who as wives, mothers and friends, won the admiration of their acquaintances and the warmest love of the inmates of the homes blessed by their presence, were borne forth from the *debris* cold in death, or else crushed and torn. From youths and maidens, whose gay springs of life were just verging toward most glowing summers,—from them full of buoyant hope and pleasing fancy,—from them the objects of so much anxious, loving care, “Life and thought had gone away.” Little children, who but a few short hours ago had stood in all the beauty of their innocence, the idols and objects of the fondest hopes of their loving parents, were now cold in death’s

embrace, their bright eyes closed on the glories of this world, to open wide upon those of a fair and distant city, where no weeping is, but joy forever; their tuneful voices hushed, no more do warble earthly melodies; but in the heavenly chorus, clear and pure, their notes will rise through all eternity.

Many noble acts of personal heroism are recorded of those who rushed into the building, and reckless of possible danger, toiled on until the last victim was released. It matters little that no accident occurred to this volunteer *corps* to intensify the horrid details of the woeful event.

"The intent and not the deed
Is in our power; and therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly."

The physicians of the city were soon upon the ground and formed a band of most earnest and valuable workers. Such as had offices in the immediate neighborhood threw them open for hospital purposes, and nothing that their art could suggest was left undone to alleviate the pain and suffering which filled the air with lamentation. The clergymen, too, were there, with helping hands and loving words.

As the church bell tolled the hour of midnight, the remains of the last victim were removed from the wreck. Slowly the surging mass of citizens who surrounded the church began to disperse, and with what varying emotions! Those who wended their way to homes whose loved circle was yet perfect and unbroken, were full of thankfulness for mercies received, and yet they sorrowed for those who wept. The bereaved ones,—how shall we speak of them? Could their griefs have voice the tale would have no end. Such clouds of nameless sorrow are not dispelled by human speaking—they yield only to the soft, still voice of Him who said: "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

The unanimity of thought and the harmony of feeling that united this Church in one loving band was, ere this dread calamity clothed them in deepest mourning, the subject of comment by all. Now who can doubt but that the silver chain of sympathy which a common misfortune has forged will bind them, heart to heart, mind to mind, in yet stronger fellowship?

We have glanced with rapid eye over the scene, we have

mingled our tears with those of the mourners, we have ministered to the suffering, we have with reverent rites borne the loved ones gone to their beautiful resting places beneath waving greenery in the silent cities ; we have with grateful hearts thanked God that our loved ones have been spared us yet a little while, and now are we to live heedless of the lessons taught by all this,—lessons so plain that all may read ?

THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.

“ The floor upon which the party was assembled was suspended by iron rods from a wooden truss under the roof. This truss gave way when, of course, the floor could not support itself and went down. The ceiling fell when the timbers of the truss gave way, and all fell together. Most of those who were killed were struck by the timbers of the truss or smothered by the plastering. The truss was imperfectly constructed and the floor was improperly suspended. The truss had an upper and lower chord. The lower chord rested upon the brick walls and was spliced wrong side up. One of the iron rods that supported the floor was bolted into the chord inside of the splice, while outside of it the rod from the joint above was fastened. The tendency thus was to pull the two pieces spliced apart instead of holding them together. *This splice broke.* The cause of the break was that *the timbers were rotten.* They had evidently been put in green and had the dry rot. Another reason for the break was that the entire *weight upon the floor was on the lower chord and not upon the straining beam.* The rods which supported the floor only passed through the lower chord and not into the upper one. One of the joints in the upper portion of the truss was badly fastened, the plate fastened upon the short rod in the truss did not cover the upper end of the brace at all, allowing it to slip by. And yet for five years it has at various times withstood a severer test than upon this occasion.”

THE CHAPEL SINCE THE ACCIDENT.

As might be expected, after the great disaster, the trustees have resolved that the new chapel should be constructed in a manner which would render it perfectly safe, beyond even the shadow of a doubt. They have accord-

ingly commenced at the foundation, in the bosom of mother earth, and there they have built five new brick piers on stone foundations. Some of these piers are capped with stone, and they sustain the iron columns to the top of the building. In the basement of the chapel are also ten other brick piers, besides the stone walls, to sustain the interior chapel work. The sills in the basement are 8x12 inches and are three in number, running the entire length of the building and resting upon the brick piers.

You enter the chapel proper and you find an enlarged room 77x40 feet. This includes the enlarged chapel, by carrying out the two west corners through both stories. The second floor, the one which fell, can never fall again. It is sustained, near the middle, by cast iron caps resting on five iron columns, which in turn pierce the 8x12 sill and rests on the piers in the basement. If the timber shrinks it will make no difference, the floors cannot budge an inch. The joists which sustain the boards of the second floor are tied or anchored into the brick walls by iron rods. Leaving the chapel proper and passing up stairs, the first thing which meets your eye in the large parlor is a row of iron columns. You will look in vain for any truss. No truss is needed. No floor is hung upon iron rods. Every floor is sustained direct from the foundation. Everything has been made of double and treble strength.

The second story is divided into the main parlor, 33x40 feet, and a smaller parlor, 14x37 feet, on the north side. The two can be thrown together by sliding doors. Doors from the hall lead into the gents' cloak room, and ladies' dressing room. At the end of the hall you enter the kitchen, which has in turn connecting with a sink room, store room, and china closet. The kitchen is to be fitted with all the appurtenances for preparing for festivals and suppers, etc. Looking over these building operations one cannot but note the extreme care which has been taken.

The main audience room of the church is being renovated. A beautiful forty light chandelier has been hung from the center of the ceiling, the carpets have been removed, and everything has been cleaned, swept and garnished. Owing to the very large congregations folding chairs are soon to be placed at the end of the pews in the aisles, which will make an increase of some one hundred and fifty sittings.

To the Trustees of the Central Baptist Church, Syracuse, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN:—We, the undersigned, have this day made a thorough examination into the condition of the church edifice of the Central Baptist church, and fully investigated every part from the foundations to the roof, and find the same to be in a perfectly safe condition. We have minutely inspected the whole building, and all portions which suggested any idea of weakness have been made strong beyond a doubt.

ARCHIMEDES RUSSELL,
HENRY RUSSELL.

SYRACUSE, July 29, 1874.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CHURCH AND PASTOR.

Some twenty-five years ago a small colony of Christians emigrated from the First Baptist Church to a small chapel on East Genesee street. This edifice had been erected during the ministry and through the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Pinney. Here the worship of God was continued under varying pastorates, until in 1865 the need of a larger and more commodious church was felt. The result was that after due deliberation, the present elegant structure known as the Central Baptist Church, was reared. The chapel was completed in 1869, and immediately occupied by the congregation.

In 1872, the main building was finished at a cost of \$75,000, all of which was paid or amply provided for. The building is pleasing in the extreme, being built of brick with projections of Onondaga limestone. The spire is graceful in outline, and pierces its blue empyrion to the height of 150 feet. The interior of the church is simply elegant—elegant in proportion, elegant in the rich, quiet coloring of the walls—elegant in the fittings of black walnut and ash. The carpet is what few church carpets are, artistic in design, and bright without being offensively glaring in color. The pews are cushioned with a rich crimson rep. The audience room is lighted by patent reflectors, which shed a soft sun-like light, clear and unwavering. The windows are of richly ground glass, with just enough of color to tone the transmitted light. The baptistry, arranged on the most improved principles, moves noiselessly and easily. In the rear building the Sunday School and Bible Class are having ample apartments fitted up with the most approved modern appliances. Above these are the parlors, committee rooms, kitchen, etc., all of which are appropriately and excellently furnished. The seating capacity of the church is about 700.



AUSTEN'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

REV. GEO. THO'S DOWLING,

Pastor Central Baptist Church.

C. R. RICE & CO., PRINTERS.

On the 1st of September, 1873, (the Rev. Dr. H. J. Eddy having previously resigned his charge over this church,) the Rev. George Thomas Dowling assumed its pastoral care. Although young in years, a wonderful tide of prosperity has attended his ministrations. The church roll showed a year ago a membership of 275—now the list mounts up to 425. The Sunday School, which was always large, has in the same time doubled in numbers. Perfect unanimity of purpose and feeling animates the pastor and people, whose united desire it is to make of CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH, a STRANGER'S SABBATH HOME. So great is the attendance at the services held here, that often the aisles have to be filled with camp chairs; to obviate the noise and confusion incident upon their use, the Trustees have decided to immediately introduce the hinge chair on the end of each pew. These are already in use in large churches in other cities.

As a token of esteem and love, the Trustees have during his summer vacation, voted their pastor an increase of \$1,000 to his salary.

Taking all things into consideration, the history of this church and its labors, is a wonderful record of what harmony of thought and noble endeavor can accomplish.

Twenty-three years ago the Rev. John Dowling visited this city for the purpose of preaching the dedicatory sermon of the little Baptist Chapel situated on East Genesee street. He then left in his quiet home a little babe in its mother's arms. Last winter he visited this city again, and preached to the same society in the Central Baptist Church, whose regular pastor, was the little babe of twenty-three years ago.

Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling is the youngest son of the Rev. John Dowling, D. D., of New York, who, though now retired from the active labors of pastoral work, has for the last forty years stood among the first of the Baptist clergy of America, both as an author and preacher.

The subject of our sketch was born in New York City on the 2nd of June, 1849. At the age of 13, during a revival of religion in Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where his father's family were spending the summer, he was converted through the instrumentality of an elder sister, and professed his consecration to Christ. The following December he was baptized by his father and received into the fellowship

of the Berian Baptist Church, New York. At 14 years of age, having graduated from the preparatory school, he entered the College of the City of New York.

From earliest infancy his mother had hoped that this son might consecrate his life to the work of the ministry, and it was the desire of both parents that he should remain in College, and by a liberal education be fitted for a literary profession for which he had already given marked evidence of special adaptation.

It was not, therefore, without feelings of great disappointment that they at length yielded to his earnestly expressed desire to leave college and enter business. They thought that then all prospect of a future in the ministry was at an end. But "God seeth not as man seeth." The two years which he spent in one of the wholesale stores of New York, were as truly years of training as any which he afterwards lived between college walls. Mr. Dowling has often remarked that the knowledge of men which he then gained and of the trials and temptations to which they are subject, has been of incalculable value to him in the vocation which he has since followed.

During those years, in the literary society of which he was a member, and in the conference meetings of his father's church, his remarks and addresses often gave evidence to his friends of marked persuasive powers, and led them at times, to suggest the doubt as to whether he was fulfilling the mission which God had intended for him in refraining from devoting himself to the Christian ministry.

But God moves in a mysterious way, and the ordering of every life is in his hand.

One evening after his duties at the store were over, as Mr. Dowling sauntered up Broadway, he passed the Phrenological office of Fowler & Wells. An impulse of curiosity led him to turn back and enter to hear what might be said of him. Placing his hand on his head, Mr. Wells began to read the character which he believed to be there indicated. "High moral powers,—Reverence, Veneration, Spirituality,—Benevolence, large—Comparison, Imitation, Ideality, large also—Acquisitiveness, small. Young man, you'll never make a business man." "For what am I best fitted in your estimation," said Mr. Dowling. "In my estimation, you are of all things best fitted for a public speaker," replied Mr. Wells.

This from a stranger, who knew nothing of his history or family connection,—nothing but what his knowledge of Phrenology taught him to see from observation, naturally made a strong impression on the young man's mind, and the question which had been suggested by others became an absorbing one to him: "Am I doing wrong in failing to consecrate myself to the ministry?" At length he resolved to confide the matter to his parents and abide by their decision. The matter was one of too great importance to be decided hastily, but after weeks of careful observation, the fact became clear to his father's mind that his son was called to the work of the ministry.

He accordingly left the store, and followed by the best wishes of all who knew him there, re-entered college, this time at Hamilton, N. Y. During his course there, he gave marked promise of future success in the work he had chosen, and succeeded in bearing away the prize for oratory in that institution. His theological studies were pursued at Crozier Theological Seminary, under charge of Dr. Weston.

On his 21st birthday he received a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Fellowship, N. J. Accepting this, he was there ordained, and shortly after married to Miss Minnie Justin, of Philadelphia.

While at Fellowship, Mr. Dowling had very marked indication that in entering the ministry he had not mistaken his calling. Though a comparatively small country place, his audiences were large, being composed of those who would drive in from miles around to attend the services at his church. Many were the prophecies of a brilliant and useful future awaiting him, and when one year from the time of his settlement among them, he announced his intention of accepting another call, his people heard of it with feelings of regret rather than surprise.

In November, 1871, at the age of 22 years, Rev. Mr. Dowling entered upon the pastorate of the Third Baptist Church of Providence, R. I. His stay here was one of signal success. The church which for some time had been in a somewhat languishing condition, received new vigor and inspiration from his ministrations, and many converts were added to the church. While here, in addition to his pastoral duties, Mr. Dowling edited a paper designed for free distribution throughout the city. As each paper con-

tained one of his discourses, the influence of the church and of its pastor was thus extended, and the large congregations attendant upon his ministry bore witness to his popularity and the esteem in which he was held throughout the city.

In September, 1873, after a stay of nearly two years in Providence, Mr. Dowling received a call from the Central Baptist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., where he is now settled. It was not without some reluctance that Mr. D. yielded to what seemed to be the marked indications of the Divine will, and accepted the call to this new field. The change was attended with uncertainty and doubt. He was to leave an established success to take upon him new duties in an untried field. What will the result be was a question asked anxiously by those most interested in his welfare.

But Mr. Dowling, in addition to his mental endowments, is gifted by nature with a hopeful disposition, and looking over the field which to others seemed a difficult one, he felt that with God's blessing he could and should succeed in making the church a power for good throughout the city. When considering the advisability of a settlement, he said to one of the Trustees: "I wonder how many seats could be placed in the aisles?" Mr. Calvin B. Gay remarked to his friends as they passed out, "I wonder if that young man expects to fill the aisles. If he fills the seats we will be satisfied."

One year has passed since his settlement, and from the first he has had reason to see that the same wise hand that has guided him hitherto has still continued to direct his steps in bringing him to Syracuse. Crowds have flocked to hear him Sabbath after Sabbath, and the Central Baptist Church has attained a position, in the city, of eminence and power. During the summer vacation, the Trustees have added seats in the aisles connected by a hinge to the outside of the pews, and thus the crowds who formerly were obliged to leave for want of room have been accommodated. But much as pastor and people rejoice in these outward tokens of prosperity, their joy is still greater when they recall the fact that during the year the Spirit of the Lord has been at work, and 159 have been added to the church.

We are often asked by those who know of Mr. Dowling's success, what is the secret of his power?

The question is difficult to answer. Some say it lies in the fact that he uses no notes, and so is able to exercise a greater influence upon his audience. Others ascribe it to his vivid imagination and his power of placing truths with almost dramatic vividness. Others to his originality of thought and expression. For ourselves, we believe that the same God who called Peter from his fisherman's tent, and afterwards caused him to speak burning words so that thousands on the day of Pentecost embraced the Christian religion, has called him and is speaking through him.

We predict for him a glorious future, for he has the gifts more to be desired than those of the accumulator of worldly wealth—the power of being himself a blessing to others. Only 25 years have as yet passed over his head. Let us hope that 50 more may be added in which to reap rich harvests in the church and in the world.





KILLED.

He giveth His beloved sleep, Psalm CXXVII, 2.

AUSTEN JOHN, photographer, residing at 248 East Genesee.

BARNES E. A. MRS., wife of ex-Alderman Barnes, 72 Chestnut.

CARPENTER AUGUSTA N. MISS, 19 Church.

COLLINS CHARLIE D., 12 years old, son of John A. Collins,
49 1-2 East Genesee.

COLLINS MINNIE MISS, daughter of C. E. Collins, 66 Burnet.

CROW JAMES M. MRS., 71 Irving.

HOLMES GRACE E. MISS, daughter of S. W. Holmes, 77
Catharine.

HORTON LULA, daughter of Mrs. Horton, 42 East Jefferson.

KARR J. E. MRS., 99 Warren

LEONARD HATTIE, 5 years old, daughter of Henry Leonard,
212 East Genesee.

OSTRANDER CARRIE MISS, 70 Taylor.

THOMAS MINNIE E., 62 Montgomery.

VEEDER A. E. MRS., 17 Church.

WAINWRIGHT O. E. DR., 110 East Fayette.

THE INJURED.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, Heb. XII, 6.

- Adams Maria Miss, 56 Warren, bruised cut.
- Ainslie Frank C., 309 1-2 S. Salina. Hip joint injured and leg cut. He went down with a young lady in his escort, who was also injured.
- Austen John Mrs., 248 East Genesee; seriously injured about the legs, arms and chest. Her husband was killed.
- Austen Lizzie Miss, 218 East Genesee. Hurt about limbs.
- Babcock Cora, East Washington.
- Ballou Spencer Mrs., 16 Irving; severely bruised.
- Barnes E. Austin, 72 Chestnut, mail agent at post office; had his right wrist broken and side and head were also injured. His wife was killed.
- Barnes Frank, 72 Chestnut, (son of E. Austin Barnes,) bruised.
- Bates Anna Miss, of Homer, slightly injured.
- Benjamin J. H. Mrs., Chestnut st., severe injuries.
- Bentley Mrs., 49 Gifford, bruised.
- Bentley Ada Miss, 49 Gifford, received some injuries about her head, and her condition was precarious. Besides two other wounds she received a terrible cut some five or six inches in length in her head.
- Bigelow Edward, (son of Dr. J. G. Bigelow,) 57 Warren, badly cut on head, strained and bruised all over.
- Billings Miss, 48 Gifford, bruises.
- Billings Mrs. 48 Gifford, bruises.
- Blasdel A., 157 East Washington, foot.
- Blasdel A. Mrs., 157 East Washington; side and back bruised.
- Blasdel Addie Miss, 157 E. Washington; left elbow fractured and limbs injured. She was fastened in against the pulpit.
- Bonney Atlanta, 51 Oak; bruises slight.
- Bostwick Alice Mrs., 16 Irving; ankle sprained.
- Bostwick Edward Mrs., E. Washington; ankle sprained.
- Burdick Frederick, Montgomery; injured in the back and side; his head was also cut and bruised.
- Burdick Rufus P. Mrs., 133 Montgomery; had her left leg broken between the knee and body, and severe bruises about the body.
- Buss Mrs., 10 Union ave.; severely injured.
- Candee Frank, Candee House; severely injured.
- Carpenter Adelbert, 222 Montgomery; bruised and scratched about the face.
- Carpenter A. Mrs., 222 Montgomery; leg cut, and bruised about the body and face. She and her husband were found side by side flat upon their backs upon the floor.
- Chapman Thomas Mrs., 24 Lemon; side and arms bruised.
- Clark Mrs., West Fayette Place; cut and bruised.
- Collins Kittie, daughter of G. K. Collins, 5 Hovey; bruised and shocked.
- Cooke Julia Miss, of Greensburg, Ind.; badly bruised; is a cousin of Mrs. A. W. Palmer, with whom she was visiting.
- Curry O. P., 102 Almond; injured in the side.
- Curtis C. W., Castle corner Mulberry; slight bruises.
- Curtis C. W. Mrs., Castle corner Mulberry; bruises.
- Davis A. J., lawyer, Syracuse House; back and hip hurt.
- Davis Alvia Mrs., 21 Grape; legs bruised.
- Downing C. C., 56 Warren; left shoulder dislocated and sustained other injuries.
- Durston H., 86 East Jefferson; bruised.
- Durston H. Mrs., 86 E. Jefferson; bruised.
- Durston Jas., 86 East Jefferson; bruised.
- Durston Leon, 86 E. Jefferson; bruised.
- Eaton James H. Dr., Globe Hotel, (of the firm of Kenyon, Potter & Co., druggists,) cut and bruised about the head and feet; was confined to his room for some time.
- Eaton James H. Dr. Mrs., Globe Hotel. Was with Dr. Wainwright at the time of the accident. Her skirts had to be cut away to extricate her; bruised.

- Eddy H. J. Rev. Dr., 132 S. Salina; hurt in the legs.
- Elmer George, 42 East Jefferson; cut on back of shoulder.
- Elmer W. E. Mrs., 42 E. Jefferson; ankle hurt.
- Farnum Albert Mrs., baby and nurse girl; injured slightly.
- Farrar A. Mrs., 73 Warren; bruised and cut slightly.
- Farrar Lena Miss, 73 Warren; face slightly cut.
- Fennel Mrs., of Geddes; seriously injured.
- Fish F. M. Mrs., 132 East Washington; head bruised.
- Fuller Miss, daughter of T. K. Fuller; bruised. When taken out the back of her dress was saturated with blood.
- Fulmer Frank, 132 S. Salina; bruised and jammed.
- Fulmer Gertie, 132 S. Salina; bruised.
- Galpin Geo. Mrs., 25 Granger; internally injured.
- Garrison Lavalette, 14 Church; head cut.
- Gay Addie Miss, 79 W. Onondaga; bruised and shocked.
- Gibbons Mary Miss, 97 E. Fayette; bruised. Had in her arms a little daughter of Mr. A. C. Spencer.
- Graham Lena Miss, 8 Furnace; back and side hurt.
- Graham Salina Mrs., of Geddes; back injured.
- Harrington Belle, 21 Grape; stomach and legs injured.
- Hawes Martha Miss, 119 E. Washington; cut and bruised.
- Hinman Egbert Mrs., 177 E. Washington; hip injured.
- Hodge Libbie Miss, 21 Grape; side bruised and ankle sprained.
- Holmes Amy J., 77 Catharine.
- Holmes Olie C., 77 Catharine.
- Holmes Theodosia, 77 Catharine. These three were injured by cuts and bruises. Their sister, Miss Gracie Holmes, was killed.
- Horton Henry Mrs., 43 East Jefferson; back of neck and spine injured.
- Howe John W. Mrs., Jefferson corner Clinton; head, neck and legs injured.
- Hughes Charles Mrs., 5 Clover; hurt in the leg.
- Hughes Mrs., 31 Marcellus; leg.
- Hyde Salem Mrs., 134 S. Salina, bruised.
- Jenkins John T., book-keeper for S. P. Pierce & Co. and residing at 48 Almond street; limbs bruised, and cut over the eye.
- King Lizzie, 73 Warren; back slightly injured.
- La Beal Mrs., of Danforth; bruised.
- Leeret D. E. Mrs., 136 East Washington; bruised.
- Landon V. Miss, 212 E. Genesee; foot injured.
- Leon Mrs., of Philadelphia; internally injured.
- Lerow Kittie Miss, 143 E. Jefferson; foot and ankle bruised.
- Leslie Ross Mrs., 33 E. Onondaga; seriously injured about both limbs.
- Lewis C., 89 Harrison; bruises.
- Lincoln Mrs., 71 Irving; (mother of Mrs. Crow, who was killed,) severely bruised and shocked.
- Lindsey Nettie, 177 East Fayette; ankles bruised.
- Malcher Tillie Miss, daughter of Wm. H. Malcher, 63 Burnet; slightly injured.
- McElroy Mary Miss, 171 E. Washington; bruised.
- McElroy Mary Mrs., 171 E. Washington; seriously bruised.
- McLane Lottie Miss, 14 Wallace; bruised.
- Mecklenberg Mrs., E. Washington; ankle bruised.
- Mead John, 38 West Fayette; seriously injured. He was fastened to the floor by a heavy beam.
- Miller George S., Talbot House; shoulder and leg bruised.
- Miller Riley V., (Kent & Miller,) 187 East Genesee; hand hurt and bruised.
- Munroe J. Page, 52½ Warren; cut in head, and wounded in the knee.
- Murphy Mary Miss, Forman Park; bruised and cut.
- Nelson Mary, 51 Chestnut; shoulders and neck hurt.
- Noble Libbie Miss, of Geddes; bruised in the face.
- Olmstead H. Mrs., 99 Warren; injured in the side. She was lying by the side of Mrs. Karr, and they were both fastened down by the same beam.
- Ostrander Carrie Miss, 70 Taylor; dangerously injured about head and side, and after many day's suffering died.

- Owen Ida Miss, 50 Lemon; shoulder hurt.
- Page J. W., 123 Harrison; leg hurt.
- Palmer A. W., 381 E. Genesee; head bruised and hand cut.
- Palmer Joseph, of Centerville; bruised about the body.
- Patterson James Mrs., 121 Chestnut; ankle bruised and cut.
- Phillips Frank Mrs., Adams; bruised slightly.
- Phillips Mary A., 48 Chestnut; severely bruised; when taken out was covered with blood.
- Quimby Gertrude Mrs., 50 Montgomery; shoulder bruised.
- Reagan Julia Miss, 18 Church; bruised.
- Reed M. J. Mrs., Cedar opposite Lemon; bruised.
- Richardson Willis E., 102 E. Washington; back bruised
- Searl I. H. Dr. Mrs., 38 East Onondaga; bruised.
- Sherman John W. Mrs., 7 Cedar; left hand hurt, and shocked.
- Sizer H. A. Rev., Renwick Avenue corner Croton; bruises.
- Smith D. L. Mrs., 22 E. Fayette; bruised and shocked.
- Smith Josie Miss, 23 E. Fayette; badly bruised about the chest, spine and limbs.
- Smith S. R. Mrs. and Son, West Fayette; both bruised.
- Spencer A. C. Mrs., 97 E. Fayette; severely bruised.
- Spencer Fannie, little daughter of Mr. A. C. Spencer; badly bruised, went down in the arms of the nurse girl.
- Stansell Edgar, 86 William; leg bruised.
- Starr Dollie Miss, Church; severely injured internally.
- Stevens Frank L., 39 Almond; bruised
- Stevens Minnie E. Miss, 39 Almond; cut and bruised.
- Stitt William, Empire House; bruised and scratched about the face.
- Stone James C. 90 E. Washington; cut and bruised.
- Stone Minnie M. 90 E. Washington; scalp wound.
- Taylor Lettie Miss, 70 West Washington; slightly injured.
- Taylor Lottie Miss, 76 West Genesee; slightly.
- Towne Clara Miss, 141 East Genesee; face cut and bruises.
- Towne Mertice Miss, 141 E. Genesee; face and head cut, seriously.
- Tripp Jennie, 9 Harrison; jammed and bruised.
- Tripp Mary, 9 Harrison; bruised generally.
- Wainwright O. E. Dr. Mrs., 110 E. Fayette; internal injuries and severely prostrated. Her husband was killed.
- Warne Ada Miss, 11 Gertrude; bruised.
- Warne Henry E., 11 Gertrude; shoulder bruised.
- Weaver Calus A., lawyer, 6 Quince; slightly hurt.
- Weaver C. A. Mrs., 6 Quince; slightly hurt.
- Weeks Gardner B., Supt. of the Sabbath School, 69 Irving; face and head cut and bruised.
- Weller Charles Mrs., 21 Grape; severely injured.
- Wells Florence Miss, 24 Lemon; seriously injured.
- Westcott W. Mrs., Montgomery; shoulder hurt.
- Weston Mattie Miss, 165 Montgomery; injured in the hips and shoulders and otherwise bruised.
- Weston Stephen Mrs., 17 Lincoln; bruises.
- White Sarah Miss, 132 East Genesee; seriously injured about the spine and chest.
- Whitford Mary Miss, 2 1/2 Russell; injured internally.
- Winnie James Mrs., 21-2 Dennison Place West; seriously injured about the head and spine, also internally.
- Williams Emma L., 117 Madison; bruised on left shoulder and side.
- Woolsey Ida Miss, of Rochester; bruised.

MEMORIAL SERVICES,

Sunday, June 28th, 1874.



MEMORIAL SERVICES IN THE PULPIT.

"The sadness and sorrow which have weighed so heavily upon the people of this city, found expression in many of the churches, and in all of them at least sympathetic allusions were made to the second greatest calamity this city has ever suffered. In every church the attendance was unusually large, and a deep solemnity characterized the services. Everywhere a heartfelt sympathy seemed to go out to the many who were so suddenly most deeply bereaved, and from the pulpits went up fervent petitions for comfort and support to all in affliction. In many instances, offerings of appropriate flowers combined with the most appropriate music in shedding an almost hallowed influence to deepen the solemnity, and the words of the preachers were uttered with peculiar tones. At no time since the catastrophe has it been more apparent that a whole city was filled with sorrow. In some instances there were drapings which silently expressed the sadness prevailing among the people of certain congregations, while about the city there were many flags floating at half-mast on the gentle breeze beneath a cloudless sky. The services of the Central Baptist Church naturally absorbed the greatest interest and were held both morning and evening."

BAPTIST CHURCH SERVICES IN WIETING OPERA HOUSE.

"The Opera House was heavily draped with black and white interwoven. Drapings were festooned across the windows under the gallery, around the front of the gallery, and around the ceiling, while others were fastened at either corner of the ceiling and extended across the hall, each crossing the other under the chandelier. The platform presented an appearance which was touching to the hearts of all. Many willing hands must have given sad service in its arrangement. Besides the well arranged drapery, the floral offerings told a story in a language of their own. Across the foot of the platform, were numerous bouquets, placed upon black pedestals about two feet in height, and trimmed with cedar sprigs. On the drapery on the front of the preacher's desk was a large and heavy wreath of white flowers clinging to evergreens, and upon the desk were two magnificent crowns, made of white carnations and white roses. At the rear of the platform, and standing prominently in view, was a massive cross, of smilax, studded with white carnations, which seemed almost to sparkle like diamonds in a crown. It was of the height of about eight feet, and well proportioned. The appearance of the Opera House was very impressive."

THE MORNING SERVICES.

The audience room was literally packed with people sometime before the morning services were commenced, and many were turned away. The platform was occupied by the Rev. Dr. John Dowling, and his son, Rev. George Thomas Dowling, pastor of the church, and the choir, consisting of Miss Ella Wheeler and Mrs. Butler, soprano, Miss Nellie Throop and Miss Jennie Knapp, alto, Mr. E. James and Mr. J. H. Low, tenor, Mr. A. W. Palmer and Mr. C. R. Rice, bass, and Mrs. J. A. Atwell, organist.

The services were opened by the choir, with a choral from "St. Paul,"—

"To Thee, oh Lord, I yield my spirit."

The pastor then said the Lord's Prayer.

The choir then sung the hymn beginning:—

"Know my soul, thy full salvation."

The pastor read parts of the fourth and fifth chapters of Second Corinthians, and of the ninth chapter of Romans.

The choir sung the hymn commencing—

“Must Jesus bear the cross alone.”

The Rev. Dr. John Dowling then offered the following prayer:—

“Sometimes Thy way is in the whirlwind and in the storm, and when we ask the reason why, looking up through our agony and tears caused by the sad and mournful events, Thou assuredest us that we shall not know now, but hereafter. May a spirit of submission to Thy holy will pervade all our hearts under the very painful dispensation of the past week, by which so many families are made to mourn, and so many hearts made desolate. We can only hear thy voice in response to our agony and our tears, saying:—‘Peace, be still, and know that I am God, the creator of the universe, know that all things are subject to My control. I am the Redeemer of my people, and I have the right to take home those whom I have purchased with My blood;’ open our ears and hearts that we may listen to these words of comfort from the Almighty throne. Help us to dry our tears and believe, though we can not see it yet, that Thou doest all things well. Listen, O Lord, while we commend to Thee the afflicted ones—comfort Thou the bereaved wife or husband, or father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or child, who have the last week looked upon the dead faces of their loved ones. Comfort Thou that little circle of mourners who came with their heads garlanded with flowers to take their last farewell of a beloved teacher. Comfort, thou, all who have been so deeply bereaved, and let this affliction be sanctified to their good. Help them to rest all their cares on that sympathizing Jesus, and believe that he doeth all things well. May the Lord bless the pastor of this church. I thank Thee that Thou hast spared the life of my dear son; that when he and his dear companion went down with the crash that Thou didst prepare a way of escape for them. O, bless the Lord my soul, that Thou didst prepare the way of escape for so many! We doubt not that those who died heard the voice of the Lord as he called them. We thank Thee that in Thy loving kindness Thou didst permit others to be absent, and that Thou didst permit ourselves to retire in time. Sanctify this event to the pastor and his people; may it make them labor more zealously than if it had not happened. Grant that while thy judgments are abroad in the world, the whole world may be blessed in them. May God reward all who have stood by this deeply afflicted church. May the coming years witness a blessing, springing from even this dispensation of thy Providence, Amen.”

The pastor gave out a hymn, which the choir sung, commencing,—

“O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me,
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
Oh, sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Sing of his mighty love,
Mighty to save.”

The pastor then read some church notices, and expressed the thanks of his Church to Plymouth Church for the tender of the use of their lecture room, and gratefully accepted it. He announced that the church and society would meet there for the present on Tuesday evenings. He then read a communication, which had the moment

before been received from the First Baptist Church, of which Rev. E. A. Lecompte is pastor, and which will be found under another head.

He also spoke with much feeling of the many tokens of sympathy his church and society had received, and said:—"God bless the citizens of Syracuse and the churches of Syracuse for their generous acts and noble words of sympathy, extended to us. If they do not meet with reward in this life, a just God will not be unmindful of their kindness when He makes up His jewels."

SERMON BY THE REV. JOHN DOWLING, D. D.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalms xxv: vi.

The Rev. Dr. Dowling preached a sermon abounding in eloquence and power, and peculiarly adapted to the occasion. He commenced by making these inquiries:—"What means our meeting together in this place to-day? What mean these drapings and these floral tributes? What voices do they utter? Ah! from their voices there comes an echo of sorrow. There is mourning in this city—deep mourning in many households. The sounds of lamentation comes from husbands and wives, crying, 'The Lord hath afflicted me; have pity, oh friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me!' By the scenes around him he was reminded of the shortness and uncertainty of life on earth, and (looking toward the cross) of the life hereafter. Allusion was made to the crowns before him, in the remark that some of those whose deaths were so sincerely mourned were now wearing crowns that cannot perish. His heart was full of sympathy for all who were in affliction, and what could he say to comfort those whose hearts were wrung by grief. He could only point them to the Lamb of God, and ask Him again to heal the deep wounds with His love. He would not attempt to speak according to their necessities; the pastor, who knew them better, must address words of consolation and bind up the many bleeding hearts. He would not dwell upon the grief of the present, but would rather point his hearers to the joys of the future.

"The speaker's effort was to contrast good with evil; joy with misery, etc. He used the day and night to illustrate. There is the dark night of affliction, when all seems lost and hope almost passes away; but the sunlight of God's

love finally comes to those who trust in Him and turns the night to day. We grovel in sin, but in the clear light of Christianity we have a perception of the joys of the life which may follow this life. After a night of trouble there comes a morning of rest. Soon such a morning would come to many before him, to such as rested upon the promises of the Father. Look beyond the darkness of trouble, of affliction, of sin, to the light revealed through Christ, and trusting in the promises, finally enter where there shall be no more night. The night of death will come to all. Who doesn't know something of its sorrows and terrors? Who hasn't stood at the death-bed of the dying, and lingered to hear a last word from lips that could speak no more? Then is when Christ is needed. Bishop Beveridge realized the soothing and sustaining power of Christ, and with his last breath testified to His goodness. Among those who were so suddenly called away, there were followers of Christ, and who knows but some of them had bright visions of the future before they entered the pearly gates? Sudden death has its comforts as well as terrors. All agonies, long sickness and painful forebodings are escaped. To the Christian, it is a moment of struggling and the next moment a saint." The speaker then quoted several verses of beautiful poetry, consoling to the friends of those who die suddenly.

The discourse was listened to with unabated interest, and not unfrequently the sobbing of many of his hearers testified to its power and effect.

The choir then sang,—

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

After which, the Benediction was pronounced, and the audience dispersed.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

After the morning services, a meeting of the Sunday School was held. A meeting of Bible Class No. 2 was held specially for the consideration of the following memorial resolutions, which were presented by a committee consisting of O. L. Davis, George S. Midler, Samuel Baker, Delia Palmer and Celia Baker. The resolutions were unanimously adopted,

WHEREAS, By the terrible calamity which befel the Central Baptist Church upon June 23, 1874, our class was called upon to part with its dearly loved classmates, Miss Augusta N. Carpenter and Mrs. Cornelia Veeder; therefore,

Resolved, That our hearts are filled with sorrow at the thought that when we meet hereafter we must miss them from our midst; that henceforth we must be deprived of their loving companionship and aid; that we can no longer study with them the truths of God's Word. But we shall ever cherish the memory of their pure and gentle Christian lives, while grateful that even for so short a time they have blessed us with their presence.

Resolved, That to the relatives and friends of the deceased we extend our heart-felt sympathy; and while we would comfort them if we could, we now can only say, God's ways are higher than our own, and although we know not his purposes to-day yet we shall know them hereafter.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the friends of the deceased, published in the Syracuse papers, and entered upon the records of the class.

EVENING SERVICES.

At half-past seven, the Opera House was again densely filled.

The services were opened by the choir singing

"Hear, Father, hear our prayer,"

arranged from Mendelssohn.

The pastor said:—There are bleeding hearts in this assemblage to-night; let us sing;—

"Come, ye disconsolate."

The hymns for the occasion having been printed and circulated through the audience, according to the usual custom of the Church, the hymn announced was sung by the choir and congregation with great effect, as were the hymns that followed. We re-produce on the next page the circular referred to.

The Rev. Dr. John Dowling read the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to John.

The pastor then announced the following hymn:—

"Asleep in Jesus!"

A fervent and impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. E. A. Lecompte, pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling said:—"Brother Lecompte has offered prayer, now let every one of us sing:—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

STRANGERS' SABBATH HOME.

Central Baptist Church,

MONTGOMERY ST., CORNER JEFFERSON.

GEO. THOS. DOWLING, PASTOR,

RESIDENCE 318 EAST GENESEE STREET.

Strangers in the city who may feel the need of sympathy or friends, or any desiring to unite with our Church, either by letter or baptism, or to converse concerning the way to be saved, are invited to call upon the Pastor at his residence. *Do not think you are troubling him.*

H Y M N S .

WELCOME.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye
languish,
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the Penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure.

Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God; pure
from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

A SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to
weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose.
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venom'd sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

N E A R E R, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

WELCOME.

"LET ALL THE PEOPLE SING."

Pew Committee in attendance at the close of each service, to accom-
modate those desiring to secure permanent sittings.

DISCOURSE BY THE PASTOR.

The Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling then preached a discourse, taking his text from the Book of Jeremiah :—

"Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people!"—Jeremiah ix : 1.

One week ago, the Sabbath sun arose upon a joyous and enthusiastic people. As a Church, our dearest hopes had been realized. Sweeping on the flood tide of success, the Angel of Hope, pointing to a brilliant future, why should we not sing hallelujahs of praise?

But alas for earthly hopes! How soon are the chiming bells of gladness, changed for the muffled knell of woe. How little we dreamed then, that, like the boatman, singing merrily as he nears the dreadful cataract, and knows it not, that we too, with songs upon our lips, were sweeping on toward ruin, and toward death. 'Ere we knew it, destruction came; and to-night that same sun goes down upon a people clad in habiliments of sorrow, with bleeding hearts, eagerly feeling for a God, in the darkness, trying to whisper in their awful gloom: "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

We come to-night, not merely to eulogize those who are dead, but to remind us, also, who are living, that

"Our hearts, like muffled drums,
Are beating funeral marches to the grave."

As the mariner, in mid-ocean, lifting his trumpet to his lips, shouts to a passing ship:—"Whither bound?" and then speeds on to meet no more; so, oh, brother mariner, upon the sea of life, would I cry to you to-night:—"Whither bound? To bitter sorrow, or to everlasting bliss?"

To-morrow, you will have gone your way; I will have gone mine.

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice, in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass, and speak one another;
Only a look, and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

And this is the reason that, faint and exhausted, I speak to you to-night. Time is too short,—eternity is too near, for one opportunity to be neglected, of directing the shipwrecked sailor, to the port of peace.

The scenes of that Tuesday night, I need not recount. That awful shriek, when the lights went out, and we were hurled, a mass of bleeding humanity, struggling for our lives ! I hear it yet, I hear it yet. These are the times when a man needs Christ.

And it is at such times we learn, that "*From the deepest depths we can ever discern the light of God's mercy, if we will only look up.*"

The speaker then proceeded to show how "nothing was so bad, but that it might have been worse."

We wept in sorrow, for those who were killed, but we also wept with gratitude for the many who were saved. During the winter, the Crucified had stood, holding out his wounded hands, and crying : "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." More than one hundred had listened and yielded to that call. Had this disaster occurred one year ago, some of those who last Tuesday night, rolled through the gates of Paradise, 'mid the ringing of heaven's bells, and the pæan of heaven's choristers, would have gone tremblingly knocking at a closed gate, and would have heard the sad, sad words : "Depart from me, for I never knew you."

Again, we learn at such times as these, that *all the world are brothers.*

From all parts of our land there had come words of condolence and love. From Chicago, and New York, and Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, and Providence, from the North and South, and East and West, they had received the message :—"We are praying for you."

From the sister churches of our own city, had come the message :—"We are praying for you."

From the noble band of men who occupy the pulpits of our city, had come the message :—"We are praying for you."

"God bless them," said the speaker. God bless them, as we cannot, and I know, that when those books shall be opened, He who noteth the giving of a single cup of water to a thirsty child, will not forget their sympathy for us, in this hour of our deepest need. Whatever battalion they belonged to, they realized we were all members of one grand army,—the army of the Prince Immanuel. Whatever name they bore, they realized, we were all members of one church—the church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

To the Police force, who so nobly did their duty ; to the friends who worked so faithfully ; to the physicians who sat up all night, seeking to save the dying ; to all our fellow citizens, who proved themselves heroes, upon that night—we lay our hearts at your feet, and pray that when your pulse shall beat low, and your breath shall grow short, there may stand one beside you, with the Balm of Gilead in his hand, even that Good Physician, who came to seek and to save the lost.

Again, it is at such times as these, we learn *who are the heroes of every day life.*

We read of Elizabeth Fry, and we honor her. We read of Florence Nightingale, and we honor her, but the names of the world's heroes are not all written upon the page of history. Only one book contains them all, that book with the seven seals.

He then recounted some of the thrilling deeds of heroism, referring especially to Charles Colebrook, who saved "his children from becoming motherless, and his home from desolation."

"These are only a few instances," said he, among the many that might be told. Some of you who are here, were among those heroes on that awful night, and now let me ask you one question:—"You saved others, *have you saved yourself?*" For it is at such times as these we realize lastly, *the worth of that Star of Bethlehem, to light up the dark valley.*

Oh, memorable moments, never to be forgotten. Many a prayer meeting have I attended in that room, but never one like that, after the crash had come. The poorest time to prepare for eternity was the twenty-third day of June, at ten minutes past nine o'clock in the evening.

After describing some of the scenes connected with the death of those who died, he closed as follows:—"All over with them now," you say. No, No, Friend! *Its just commenced.* For I reckon that the sufferings] of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us hereafter. In the early part of the evening, one was asked if she were ill. Well, she said: "I have been sick, but I am getting better now."

Thank God, *she is all well now.* No more aching head! No more weary heart! For where she has gone, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall

the sun light upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of water. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

I wonder if we will ever meet her. If Christ is ours, what a meeting that will be! How vividly do I remember the moment, when I first found that she whom I loved was saved. How vividly do I remember searching for her amid the wounded and the dead; now fancying it was her form which was being borne away, and again seeming to hear her voice above the wail of anguish which arose. How vividly do I remember, when I heard one sobbing my name, in the darkness, and turning, I found it was the voice of her who was all the world to me. Ah! friends, its a personal allusion—I know you will pardon it. I have known many happy hours in my life, but never one like that when I hushed those sobs, upon my own bosom, and realized that she was saved. But if the meeting of loved ones, amid the groans of the dying, was so joyous, what must it be in that land, where death is forever banished, and where the "good bye" is never uttered. We are coming, Oh, ye who are spending your first Sabbath with Jesus! *Sing on, sing on*, a few more days, and we shall join that anthem,—

"O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To greet one another again."

Patience, patience, ye stricken ones, a little longer. And soon there shall be heard in heaven the fluttering of angel wings; and as the messenger passes through the gate, the watchman will cry "Whither goest thou?" And he will say, "I speed to yonder earth, to bring home, a poor tired soul." And soon again he will return, and resting upon his bosom, will be one who once sought in child-like helplessness, to serve the Master. And again, the watchman will cry: "The password!" And whispering the name of Jesus, you shall sweep through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Tears forever gone! Earth and her sorrow forgotten! *Heaven and its bliss begun!*

SYNOPSIS OF A SERMON BY REV. EDWARD G. THURBER, AT THE
PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"For death has come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces."—
Jeremiah ix, 21.

At this Church the morning service had particular reference to the dire calamity which has so afflicted a sister church and saddened the entire community. The scripture lesson was selected from the 23d Psalm and the sixth chapter of Matthew, and was followed by a most fervent prayer, appealing to the Loving Father for the fulfillment of His comforting promises to the sorrowing and afflicted.

The terrible scene of Tuesday night was briefly sketched, and with a thrill that swept through every heart, the speaker said:—

"Wednesday last was one of the saddest days that this city has known. The darkness of the preceding night had lengthened and deepened its shadows over many hearts and homes, and such darkness as may be felt. The rising sun coming with all his pomp of glory could not drive it away. 'For death had come up into our windows, and entered into our palaces.'"

A destruction as sometimes comes suddenly out from a clear sky, as a whirlwind, unexpected, resistless and overwhelming, swept in upon the festive gathering of our sister church, turning their mirth into mourning, and bringing them from the enjoyments of life into the valley of death.

Unseen above them a weak truss is bending under its trusting burden—it unlooses its hold, it parts its clasped hands, and precipitates the floor and ceiling it was designed to uphold.

The lights go out with the strain and crash, the plastering above falls in powdered, blinding and suffocating showers, and the timbers creak, groan and fall upon the unhappy victims. There is a movement, a crash, a silence for seconds and then cries of distress and appeals for help go up. Some are held, as in a vice, between timbers; benumbed, in darkness, breathing an atmosphere of gas and lime dust, many despair of escape and lift their hearts to Christ, consigning themselves to his care."

"There is now a prayer meeting amid recognized realities; some have said their last prayer, their spirits are to-day with God; some have been brought up from the mouth of the

grave and thank God for his preserving mercy in the sanctuary to-day. We have looked upon the scene, we have given our help and sympathy; we have tenderly borne the dead to the tomb; we have watched and cared for the injured; we have sympathized with the sorrowing; we have thanked God that we have been spared, and now can we forget it all as a dream? Our eyes may turn away from the terrible sight, but shall our hearts turn from its lessons, and we go on forgetful that we walk and live among uncertainties and dangers? We hasten by the measure of daily milestones towards the utmost limit of our lives here, and we are to face sooner or later the realities of death and the future. God forbid that we, like foolish moths, returning again to the destroying flames, should never learn the lesson of wisdom, but that each experience should only bring us to jeopardize our souls again until life itself is gone with its opportunities and probation."

The speaker then proceeded to emphasize some of the lessons suggested by the sad catastrophe, and first called attention to the illustration it has given of consanguinity. "As, when calamities befall cities and nations like the disastrous conflagrations of Chicago and Boston, and the tragic death of the martyred Lincoln, the world stops to tender aid and sympathy, so the disaster that befalls a sister church calls forth our fraternal sympathies and aid, and no denominational lines or fierce disputes over questions of order, rites or theology strangle the sentiment of brotherhood. All hasten with help and in the bonds of common sorrow learn how near each other God has made them to be."

Out of this grief there comes a voice saying to us, not only now, but amid the temptations and strifes in life, "bear ye one another's burdens."

Again, we are impressed with the uncertainty of uncertain things. How great the folly to depend upon that which in its nature or circumstance is unreliable, without other care, refuge or help. To live and love here as though earth knew no change and all its visible glory, its pleasures, pursuits and experiences were not temporal but eternal. Property and position which hold human hearts, as by iron chains, are relative and transient.

Many a cup of joy before it has touched the lip is dashed to pieces in a moment. A ruthless hand or unforeseen accident may destroy the most valuable work of art, the

product of years of wearying labor. A ship may sink from one strike of a storm and be the entombing coffin of princes. In the midst of festivity we may stand on the borders of death.

The thread of life when it is strongest, is brittle, and slight, broken often by a sudden strain we know not of. In the midst of life its gaities, hopes, successes, glories or defeats, we are in death. Amid the uncertainties of life happy are they who have laid hold of possessions that are eternal in the heavens.

Another thought which this disaster suggests is gratitude that the human soul can know and possess the certainty of that which is real and enduring; that we may approach a world which for time substitutes eternity, for darkness light, for sickness immortal health, for sorrow gladness, for sin holiness, for death everlasting life, and that as the soul looks out from life's changing sea, it can descry shores that will give a permanent habitation. The present and future life have inseparable connections. They that sow to the flesh shall reap corruption, and they that sow to the spirit shall reap life everlasting. So by what we see, by what God says, He is calling our attention to things of eternal importance. In speech of entreaty, of warning, of description, of promise, and of providence, He is saying to us: "Regard those things that are certain, that are good and enduring."

Again, God smooths the passage through the stream of death by tempering our lives, by lifting our affections upward and anchoring them in heaven.

After speaking of the great disaster in Lawrence, Mass., when the Pemberton Mills fell, depicting the scene after the fire had broken out and many had given up all hope of escaping, he said then some woman's voice broke out in song, heard above the roar of flame and the noise:

"We're going home to die no more."

Voice after voice joined in the refrain, and from one part of the ruin to another the strain was heard from the lips of the dying sufferers:

"We're going home to die no more,"

"To die no more, to die no more."

And then at length came the hush of death. The power and comfort of religion received this wonderful testimony. So passed away the lives of some whom we have buried.

Their prayers and speech testified that unseen hands were helping them; unheard voices were whispering hope and comfort in their ears, visions of glory gladden their eyes, as the dawn of heaven rose upon their souls.

The sting of death was taken from them. Christ, the resurrection, the life, and the Savior was their's.

"No horror pales his lip, nor rolls his eye,
No dreadful doubt, nor dreamy terrors start,
The hope religion pillows on the heart,
When with a dying hand he waves adieu,
To all who love so well, and weep so true,
Calm, as an infant to its mother's breast,
Turns fondly, longing for its wonted rest,
He pants to be where kindred spirits stay.
Turns to his God, and breathes his soul away."

The discourse closed with an earnest appeal to the unrepentant to whom Christ in this hour of peril has thus spoken personally.

Friends are you ready? Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then surely you shall enter into Heaven itself.

SYNOPSIS OF A SERMON BY REV. A. F. BEARD, AT PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."—See Corinthians v, 1.

Mr. Beard prefaced his sermon by saying:—"We have been living in the few days past, under the shadow of a great sorrow. Amidst the tumults of business, and the plans for pleasure, we have all been called suddenly to pause, and deeply to feel. And if, as individuals and as a church, we have reason for gratitude to God that we have not been called to personal distresses, yet, as friends and neighbors, and especially as christians, we may take the sorrow of others as one sorrow and we may bear one another's burdens. I shall then come directly to your thoughts if I seek *profit* from the great calamity. I use the word calamity in its acceptation as a painful event, but more strictly we may use the word disaster, as a calamity may be wholly separate from the agency of man; while a disaster is a distress which arises from some specific known cause; either from the carelessness of persons or the unfitness of things for their uses. I call this distress a *disaster*.

The preacher then proceeded to a discussion of the connection suggested in the text between the dissolution of earthly things and the reality of heavenly things.

When sorrows come and events appear which apparently contradict the thought of God's love to us, the belief of many in the unceasing love of God becomes uncertain. The cry goes out: "This is no good, and a God of love should not permit it." It is to people in temptation to try to impeach the love of God that I speak.

Much of the sermon was devoted to a discussion and explanation of Divine intervention and human responsibility. Most evils that happen are the legitimate products of human calculations. God has made man free, and given him a law that what he sows that he shall reap. We are the principal authors of our own misfortune. We sin in our freedom. There are calamities beyond our control, but this does not contradict the fact that God loves us. He sends a hurricane and thousands perish, and some say this is not love; but by and by some one comes and explains that it was necessary to clear the atmosphere of the impurities, that we should have the hurricane; without it we should have a pestilence. Pestilence would destroy hundreds of thousands instead of thousands. The divine laws that rule the universe are wise; if some fall it is that many may live. Men may manfully face disturbances and guard against the evils. He can establish his watch towers and the hurricane shall find him ready.

He can become strong and God's love be established. When he suffers through ignorance it is that others may learn to be wise. Our experience may teach others. Others hold our lives in their hands; what we do effects others; the calamity that comes through others may teach us that we cannot neglect others without suffering. After a dissolution of all earthly things there will be those who will inherit heavenly things. This we know; we know that when calamities come to us they are temporary. Suppose a calamity comes—is the end of our earthly life a real evil? Calamity may bring suffering and death, but sudden death is not of necessity a misfortune. Multitudes suffer more in anticipation of death than those do in dying.

He did not call criminal carelessness in human agencies a providence of God. God gives us his law and his truth, and we may not shift human cupidity and carelessness,

and charge upon God that for what man alone is responsible. He gives us the way, and says: "Walk ye in it." But the evils which come are from human disobedience. He permits disaster from human agency because he permits human freedom. Nevertheless God can *use* disaster which He does not order. And it is to His voice in this disaster, that we listen, saying this world is not your permanent home. The present has not the substantial good. This world is a school for eternity. No pleasure on earth is enduring and no pain. Our spirits are born for a higher life than that which we find in the changed and temporal relations. To forget this would be the greatest calamity.

SYNOPSIS OF A SERMON BY REV. M. S. HARD, AT THE CENTENARY CHURCH

"For death has come up into our windows and entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without and the young men from the streets,"—Jeremiah ix, 21.

A large congregation was present at the evening services at the Centenary M. E. Church. The pastor, the Rev. M. S. Hard, preached a discourse on "The Disaster and its Lessons."

By many illustrations and earnest words, Mr. Hard brought to notice the fact that mourning and life are inseparable. That many things for which man is fitted he seldom is called to perform, while mourning is one of the staples of his life. Stirring events are occasional, while mourning is constant. The ruler of a nation seldom goes into rural houses, but mourning goes into town and village alike.

He noticed in our own city that mourning was the staple in these times. The week and its disaster would be a historic one. The memory of that hour would never be lost to those who, when fastened in human stocks, were lying above and beneath the dead.

Among the lessons earnestly impressed were:—

First, That there is responsibility to office; that architecture has come to be a profession, and men should answer for life and limb, in disaster resulting from want of professional skill, that men in trust of churches have no slight care; that church office does not mean honor, but attention and work.

Second, That a calamity develops the sympathy of a

nation. Telegrams have brought expressions of kindness from the limits of the country. Resolutions of condolence have come from every quarter.

Third, That such a disaster brings to view the meanness of men. Dead bodies are not too sacred for the hand of the pilferer, and extortion makes cruel demands of necessity.

Fourth, That calamity gives voice to sympathy. The world is charged as heartless and so she seems. But disaster develops a sympathy that was not suspected.

Fifth, The disaster demonstrates anew how near life is to death. Often nearer than friends; than hours; than beginning and closing of days. That the enjoyment of Christian graces in life were no guards from calamity.

These lessons were earnestly enforced, and very appropriate verses were repeated, which were listened to with marked attention.

SYNOPSIS OF A SERMON, BY REV. E. A. LECOMPTE, AT THE
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

"Those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?"—Luke xiii. 4.

After speaking of the shock which came to his own heart on hearing of the calamity, and of his emotions on arriving at the scene of the disaster, Mr. Lecompte alluded to the deep impression made upon the sympathizing and sorrowing community. The terrible event which cast its sombre mantle over the silvery beauty of the early evening, changing festal joy into unutterable woe, cheerful smiles into fearful dismay, songs of joy into groans, and life with its attractions into death with unusual horrors—that terrible event will linger in our memory for many a year.

Our prayers have repeatedly ascended in behalf of those most keenly afflicted in this time of sorrow. It is most natural for us to-day, to inquire what light divine revelation casts upon such a disaster as that which now we deplore.

The teaching of the text has its application for the present time. Those thirteen upon whom the ruins of the Central Baptist church fell and slew them, think ye that this calamity came because they were sinners above all men that dwell in Jerusalem? I tell you nay. One of the causes for our thankfulness in the midst of our woe has been that those who were suddenly called to make an exchange of worlds, were examples of moral worth and of Christian

excellence. Taken together, they present a rare assemblage of attractive qualities in character. Their memory to-day is precious because of the fragrant influence of their lives.

What, then, are the voices that come from that silent sanctuary to-day?

God would impress, by this disaster, more deeply upon our minds, the fact that He does not interfere with His natural laws. He sees that it is best there should be an unvarying uniformity in the operations of nature. He intended that man should know on what to depend. It is one of the beneficial plans of His providence that the laws of gravity and motion should be absolute, so that in all our architecture, our engineering, our building and locomotion, we should proceed on fixed principles which would always be safe. If we are ignorant of them, or careless regarding them, we cannot hope that even infinite love will put forth its hand to avert the consequences, fearful enough they may sometimes be. God knew all about this terrible disaster before it occurred. While the victims were preparing to go, He saw what they were going to. While those little children were dressing in white, and adorning their brows with flowers, their little hearts filled with the innocent joy of childhood, God knew that they were robed for the sacrifice. As light steps bounded over those stairs ascending to that fatal room, and more and more weight gathered upon those floors, God saw the weakened timber and the inadequate support. And couldn't He stop them? Indeed He could. He who holds the earth on nothing, and guides the universe in its career of light, could hold those floors with all their weight. But though His love for every one in those rooms was deeper than the ocean and more tender than a mother's, He allowed them to go down in that fearful crash. Why? Because He knew that it is better never to interfere with His natural laws. This voice comes to us to-day with solemn warning. It cries to architects, and building committees, and trustees of public buildings everywhere:—Be so faithful and so careful, so unwaveringly attentive to God's laws, that every one entering a church or any public edifice, may feel that his life is insured at least from accident while he is there.

This lesson has its application to the moral and spiritual, as well as the natural world. Inevitable consequences follow certain actions of life and certain states of the heart. By

continued and cherished sin, the whole nature which God has furnished with a thousand golden strings to vibrate with sweetest music to the soft touches of angel hands and to the breath of holy influences, becomes a jargon of discordant notes and a fountain of harsh and grating sorrow. But laws honored and kept in the strength of Jesus Christ are health to the body, light to the eyes, sweet harmony to the soul, and priceless treasures accumulating richness and depth of tone for the anthems of everlasting praise.

God overrules all things. He has made laws but he sits above them. They do not bind Him. They are His servants. "Not one sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father, and the very hairs of our head are all numbered." A man's heart divideth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. This great Bible truth that all things are in God's hands, and that they shall work together for good to those that love Him—what a magnificent sweep of divine love and power it reveals! How it descends to the very warp and woof of our lives and beautifully secures the ends.

Nothing but the religion of Christ can throw light upon such a calamity as that which now we mourn. An investigation has begun, but it will give little satisfaction. The conclusion will be that some one has erred in judgment. But an error of judgment is not like a sin of the will. Let us not be hasty or hard in condemning any one. The atheist, the infidel cannot explain the mysteries of life and death. Jesus came to the earth for that purpose. What he does not now reveal he declares we shall know hereafter. He tells us of a building not made with hands eternal in the heavens. How suddenly we may be called away from the world! Then let us be prepared to meet Jesus in glory.

SYNOPSIS OF A SERMON BY REV. JOHN S. BACON, AT THE
FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day.—Genesis xl: 7.

That was a terrible calamity last Tuesday night, which snatched away so many loved ones, and buried so many hopes in untimely graves.

All the week long we have been sitting in the shadow of a great sorrow. A pall has seemed to hang over our beautiful city, the very atmosphere has been pervaded with a strange solemnity, and the week has been one of sad-

ness and tears and funerals ! Day after day the dead have been borne through our streets, as the mournful journey to the tomb has been made.

How many homes have been desolated, how many hopes have been disappointed, how many hearts have been broken, by that disastrous event which without a moment's warning swept so many of our citizens and friends into the eternal future.

One week ago these homes were full of sunshine, the language of love was spoken, and kindly acts were mutually performed. A loving wife leaned trustfully upon her husband's arm, a husband and father in the strength and glory of his manhood stood as the strong defence and sure support of a family dearer to him than life, while children, the pride and glory of parental hearts, dwelt peacefully in the atmosphere of love, doing their part toward making home the dearest place on earth.

But how suddenly all was changed ! In an instant the light of domestic joy went out, the voice of love was hushed, the helpful hand no longer ministered to others wants, the loving wife went down into the open jaws of death, the noble husband was borne out of the ruins cold and dead, and children who an hour before had left their homes with happy hearts and bright anticipations, perished in that awful night. Oh ! it was a fearful wreck of homes, and hope, and happiness.

It is not for me to fix the responsibility of this sad calamity. That matter is in competent hands and in due time an intelligent result will be reached—until that time, let us reserve our judgments and withhold our censures.

One thing, however, it is not even now too soon to say—and that is that the *responsibility in no sense rests with God*. Our Heavenly Father sets no traps to catch His unwary children. I think it is *cowardly* and *mean* to charge God with the consequences of our own carelessness, stupidity, negligence, selfishness and folly ! The laws of natural philosophy are as certainly the laws of God as are the ten commandments.

But do you not believe in Providence ? Most certainly I do. The superintending power of the Almighty is a precious thought to me. I believe that God controls destiny and governs the universe through the laws which He himself hath ordained.

It is time that this folly of referring disasters, calamities and sorrows to the efficiency of the Divine will, were done away.

If by an error of judgment, or a miscalculation of the chances of success, a business failure ensues, I don't like to hear it called a mysterious providence—there is nothing mysterious about it; it is simply a human blunder; an effect whose cause is as plain as daylight.

There is nothing inscrutable or mysterious in any of life's events which are clearly traceable to a palpable violation of nature's harmonious and beautiful laws! Many a man by shameless excesses and riotous living has rendered himself bankrupt in health and has come down to an inglorious and untimely death, and then God has been piously charged with having mysteriously and for some purpose not yet revealed, called the poor man from earth to heaven. Such theology, if theology it be, is driving thoughtful men into infidelity. They know that such a doctrine is absurd, and in every particular irrational. They know that it is cant, superstition and folly! Experience, history, revelation, all teach the universal reign of law, and confirm the truth that if law be broken the penalty will certainly follow. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," is a truth confirmed by universal experience, and in whose application not a single exception can be shown!

If you want to weaken moral restraint, relieve man from the wholesome pressure of personal responsibility, destroy the power of all legal sanctions, and deform God's noblest work; teach man that he is not directly and wholly responsible for his blunders, his errors, and his crimes! Teach him to refer these to a divine ante-mundane purpose, and he will sit down contentedly in the lap of a fatalism, as deadly and delusive as that of the heathen!

It will not do, man's responsibility should be insisted upon more and more. Men should come to know that they are largely entrusted with their own destiny, and that life is to be in no small measure, just what they make it.

But, my hearers, although our heavenly Father is in no measure responsible for the calamities which befall us, on account of our ignorance, our folly, or our sin, yet I am happy to know that He is not indifferent to them, and that He is mindful of us even when our disobedience has brought us into trouble. Many times those calamities which

seem the most disastrous, are overruled of Heaven, to the highest interests of men. In the night of sorrow, a new star may arise to shine with a brighter luster. Out of the chaos of failure, a better success may be organized. Tears may be changed into smiles, doubt into assurance, while a Heavenly hope may come out of the grave of disappointment, to cheer the trustful heart, till the experience of fruition shall come!

God uses our *follies* to teach us wisdom. God uses our *failures* to teach us how to succeed. God uses our *defeats* to prepare us for victory.

Churches will be built in the safest and most substantial manner possible, and those that *are* built will be subjected to the most thorough examination, and their weaknesses at once remedied. Thus can God bring "good out of evil and cause the *carelessness* as well as the wrath of man to praise Him."

But what *special* lessons shall we learn from this fearful calamity that has so recently transpired in our midst? I think you will all agree with me when I say, that *churches and all kindred structures should be more substantially built.*

* * * * *

Again we are taught in this calamity that *death or disaster may be nearer than we know.* On Tuesday night, bright eyes saw the sun go down, which were closed in death ere the light of Wednesday morning dawned. One moment engaged in pleasant conversation, exchanging friendly greetings, the next plunged into the yawning depths of death, and launched out upon the ocean of eternity.

It may seem a cruel thing to say and yet it may be true, that you who are so hopeful and prosperous to-night may be on the eve of some heart-crushing calamity. The cup of your happiness may be dashed to the ground, hope's rosy light may be put out in your heart, and that which is dearest may be torn from your grasp. The arrow may now be aimed which is to deprive you of the dearest lamb of your flock. The event which is to bring trouble, and disappointment, and sorrow, and death, may be standing upon the very threshold of the present. The cloud which is to shadow your happy home may be gathering to-day. That home which you prize so highly and whose associations are so tender, is not your final abode, and to-morrow you may be obliged to exchange it for the cold, silent grave.

So, too, are we taught by this lesson the *excellence of that grace* which is always sufficient for the loving, trustful heart. * * * *

One of the sweetest and purest spirits that I have ever known, went home to her native heaven on that dreadful Tuesday night. She was just in the prime of her usefulness, and her Christian graces were as ripe as the clusters of Eschol. She had an experience of peculiar sweetness, and a faith of unusual power. Mrs. Karr was a whole-hearted, devoted disciple of the Lord. She proved the reality of the Christian faith, by the consistent life she lived. Hers was an affectionate, clinging nature. How she loved and revered her honored father, now past his four score years, having spent more than half a century in the Christian ministry. As a wife she was all that a good wife can be; a sharer of joys, a bearer of burdens, a companion faithful, loving, and true. A more affectionate sister never gave or received the priceless treasure of a sister's love. In all life's relations, she welcomed her duties, accepted her responsibilities, and did the best she could.

She has left a reputation unsullied, a character without a stain, and a memory as fragrant and beautiful as the white flowers which loving hands placed on her coffin!

She loved this church. It was a spiritual home to her. She took delight in Christian service here. She sympathized with every worthy means to promote the welfare of others.

She never put herself forward, and with her native modesty and retiring disposition she needed to be sought out to be known. She was best loved by those who knew her best! A more intelligent and attentive hearer never sat in these pews, nor one more competent to give a reason for the faith that was in her.

It would have been a pleasure to have received her good bye, and to have heard her trustful words as her feet entered the cold waters of death. But it could not be. Yet of this are we satisfied, that no dying words could have added to the conclusive evidence of her beautiful life, that she was prepared for an abundant entrance in the mansions which Christ has gone to prepare. * * *

SYNOPSIS OF A SERMON BY REV. NELSON MILLARD, D.D., OF
THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."—First Cor., xv. 52.

The course of the Divine Providence in our world is for the most part marked by great slowness. God exhibits no haste, but counts a thousand years as one day. This is strikingly shown in the material world. In respect to geology, it is now almost universally agreed that the world has existed for countless ages. We wonder sometimes, when God could accomplish all these mighty creations in a moment, that He takes so much time.

This truth is shown also in the moral world. He is bringing cosmos out of chaos, morally as well as geologically, slowly. Men sometimes say the world is no better now than it was centuries ago. We wonder here, too, why God does not step forth and accomplish a great moral change by his fiat, suddenly.

But swiftness and suddenness of action are as characteristic of God's providence, as slowness. On the morning of the 1st of November, 1855, the city of Lisbon stood at one instant one of the fairest cities of Europe. The next instant all things were tottering, and the solid earth became as a tempestuous sea, and in the twinkling of an eye, that city became the grave of thousands.

In the morning of the sixteenth century, mental darkness covered Europe, and there was no indication that the century would end differently from what it was when it began. But an obscure monk nailed his thesis to the door, and lo, those small hammer taps awoke Europe.

These are not accidents but divine arrangements and operations. He whose are the everlasting years, surely need be in no haste.

God can afford to wait because he is sure of the result. For the most part, I suppose he wants to give to wicked men time to repent. The world for six thousand years has been casting up, even upon the throne of God, the spawn and mire of sin, and yet he is patient. Sometimes he steps forth and startles the world, and there they say, Lo, he is here!

I have turned your minds to this text with reference to the sad events of last week. It is in no sense a providence so far as the responsibility rests upon the culpability of

wicked carelessness of men. It would be vain and useless to depict the scene already so vividly before your minds. The words occur to me, as I think of that scene, "in the garden is a sepulchre, the garden becomes a tomb." Here was a church in the midst of its innocent festivity, suddenly plunged into this horror—paradise became a sepulchre.

But I wish to bring some lessons to your minds and hearts from the text.

It is God's purpose and willingness to come suddenly in the work of regeneration. And because of this, the Gospel is a gospel of hope. If I were obliged to tell you it would take a week, a day, or even an hour before you would come to Christ. I could not preach to you with the assurance that for *you* the Gospel is a gospel of hope. The Gospel is a privilege immediate and not of prospect.

In the next place, not only death may come suddenly, but in all probability will come to you, when it does come, suddenly. Statistics show that the larger proportion of deaths is sudden. Death by fire, by flood, by the rotten floor and the breaking truss, by earthquake, the burning ship and the exploding steamer, by the railway—the catalogue does not begin to cover the range of death by accidents sudden in their nature. There are accidents that have occurred in this country, horrible, and that filled all the land, but already they have passed out of mind. The church at Santiago, the Avondale disaster, the Richmond accident, the loss of the *Atlantic*, the breaking away of the dam in Massachusetts, are already passing out of mind. It is the habitual and continual occurrence that death comes suddenly. Death is called a reaper. Death will probably take you by surprise when it comes. You picture to yourself your death as coming to you awaiting its approach quietly in your bed, saying your farewells; but it is more likely to come to you suddenly.

It is said that some who went down the other night were singing as they went down. No one of us can count upon immunity from sudden death.

We are taught that God will come upon the whole world suddenly at the judgment, and in the final destruction of the world. Nothing is more absurd or foolish than that millenarianism which appoints the day and hour. Of that day no one knows—not even the angels in heaven. When that day comes, the farmer will be going to his farm,

the cars rattling over the track, the mourners following their dead to the grave, the pleasure seekers pursuing their pleasures—when, hark! the archangels shout, the throne appears, and suddenly the final day has come. God grant we may all be prepared for that final coming.

The following hymn was then sung, and the services closed :—

“ When Thou, my righteous Judge shalt come.”

SYNOPSIS OF A DISCOURSE AT THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH
BY REV. E. W. MUNDY.

Since last Sunday our city has met one of the greatest disasters which has ever visited it. By a sudden accident thirteen people have been killed at once, and more than a hundred others have been injured. And the disaster was so appalling and extended that the wonder is not that so many were killed, but that so few met death. It seems almost incredible, after one has observed the circumstances of the accident, that so many people could have gone down together under such a mass of timbers and mortar and only thirteen of them have been killed. This disaster has filled all hearts with sorrow for the bereaved, and has cast a general gloom upon the whole city. The victims of the disaster were so entirely free from any blame in it, and the results of the disaster are so wholly without any palliating considerations, that it has awakened a general pity. The helplessness of the grief, its suddenness, and its extent has touched all hearts.

And the thought which is most prominent in the minds of people seems to be this,—such a disaster has its cause. In old times, when people knew but little about causes, they attributed good and evil fortune to providence. When calamity came, it was the punishment of some sin ; when prosperity came, it was the reward of some virtue. In that general statement they were doubtless right, but as they knew but little of causes, they were not very wise to learn the particular sins which were the source of calamities and the particular virtues out of which prosperity came. They supposed that there was no regular and natural connection between sins and punishment, between virtues and rewards, but that God supernaturally interfered, visiting in an arbitrary way the vices and virtues of mankind.

This doctrine of the arbitrary providence of God still lingers in some religious circles. We occasionally hear it said that accidents happen to people because they break the Sabbath ; that men are drowned or shot because they were out seeking pleasure on Sunday rather than on Monday. But thoughtful people now see that providence is not any such whimsical, self-glorifying and arbitrary force as was formerly supposed ; but that it is the law of things,—that it is the movement of cause and effect, and that it can be calculated quite as accurately as the law of gravitation or the laws of chemistry.

The disaster in our city, therefore, we do not in this day attribute to divine anger, but we attribute it to human stupidity and blundering. We say, at once, that somebody was to blame,—that law has somewhere been violated, and that this accident is the penalty. The floor was not strong enough to hold the people, and therefore must give way, unless a miracle should interpose, and we have no expectation of such a miracle in these times. If the floor had been strong enough, nobody would have been killed.

The laws of things are too well known for us to put off this terrible calamity upon the Divine Providence. It is rather chargeable to human improvidence,—to the recklessness of men. The events of history and life, the successes and failures in the world, the accidents and escapes which come upon us, are all worked out by us, or by others, according to laws which we may know, and by observing or violating which prosperity or adversity is brought into our experience. Some things are so complicated that they are difficult to understand. Some accidents depend upon circumstances about which we know so little that they are difficult to foresee and escape ; but even those are no more arbitrary and no less under the dominion of order and law than others. In the universe in which we live, order is everywhere, and whim is nowhere. Every result has its definite cause. It was well enough perhaps, in an unscientific age, when people knew but little of cause and effect, and had not reached the general perception that everything is according to order—it was well enough then for them to construct an arbitrary providence who was the immediate cause of success or failure. But the time has gone by for such a theory as that. Responsibility has been brought nearer home. Effects are traced to their causes.

The carelessness of men cannot be charged back upon the interpositions of Providence. We can remedy disease no longer by prayer. We must look for its causes and remove them. We can prevent accidents no longer by faith in an arbitrary God. We must have faith in the laws of things, and we must conform to the necessities of the circumstances which surround us. Religion is no longer sustained by miracles or protected from the operation of natural laws. It rests upon the universal laws of being. Its temples are subject to accident after the same manner as other buildings. Its progress is according to law as much as the progress of other influences. Its success or failure depends upon conformity or non-conformity to the order of the universe in which we live and of which we are a part. It must build as strictly in reference to the laws of matter and mind as the most profane of all human institutions. It cannot escape the same responsibility and judgment to which everything else is brought.

When, therefore, calamity comes into a church, we do not sit dazed at the strange providence of a God who destroys his own temples, but we ask what is the cause of this accident? We recognize that this result is not a mystery, but that it is the suffering which results from the transgression of law. No cloud of the mysterious dispensation of providence rests over the scene and prevents us from scrutinizing it.

Somebody was careless or ignorant. Somebody failed in duty. Somebody was false to law. Somebody attempted what, by lack of knowledge, or by lack of thought, he was not competent to perform. I think that any one who will go and look at the truss, as it lies put together behind the church, will see that the lives of the people who were on that floor, were suspended on a very weak thing. Nobody will wonder that the accident occurred when he sees upon how slender a support the whole thing rested. A truss is like a chain; it is no stronger than its weakest point. Every point binds every other point and depends upon every other point. When it gives way at any point, the whole thing collapses and falls into ruin. The bad work should be charged home to those who are responsible for it.

But the responsibility does not belong wholly to any man or set of men. It belongs to us all. We all are in

some degree responsible for this disaster. It comes out of the spirit of sham and of show which pervades our civilization. It is the result of that universal endeavor in the hurrying, money-getting American life, by which we seek to get the most work for the least money, the most show for the least labor, the most service for the least pay.

I do not mean to say a word against economy, but I do mean to condemn that kind of *economy* which sacrifices reality to appearance, which is content with fair seeming and careless of deep truth, which seeks size and show in a building and cares little for strength, serviceableness and endurance. I condemn that economy which builds to out-strip others, which builds to sell, which builds for the present and not for the future. This fault is largely the result of our kind of life. But it is an evil result. If the average man builds a house, he does not build it expecting to live there till he dies, and then bequeath it to his children, that they may live there, and so it may go on for generations in his family. If he built it with that design, it would be for his interest to build it in the best possible manner. But he builds a house to live in until he can make money by selling it; and then he will build another and live in that until selling it will pay, and so on. It is therefore to his interest to put labor on the outside, where it will show and help to make the house bring a good price. He can not find much profit in putting the foundations two feet deeper than is absolutely necessary. It will not be to his interest to make the walls six inches thicker than usual. It is of no use to him that the floors be made of timber of which every stick is carefully selected, or that the roof be put on in such a manner as to last a score of years. He is building the house for a temporary residence, and he cares that it shall be good for only a few years.

Our love of new things produces this spirit of show. Things will last as long as they are in fashion, people say, and so we get into habits of carelessness about the thoroughness of work and the excellence of labor. And we carry this spirit even into the sanctuaries of God and build the temples of our worship in this same cheap, careless, showy way. It is all wrong. It must be paid for somewhere. If the people who do the work do not have to pay, somebody else must. The flags at half-mast in our city for four days, the black crape on the door-pulls, the

fresh graves—these tell who pays, and tell how fearful the price which they pay—a price more excessive than any money value. This terrible calamity ought to burn into the heart of every citizen of Syracuse the firm resolve to demand better work and to perform better work.

There is a constant temptation in the human life to seek after appearance rather than reality. We care more about what people think of us than about what we are. We are more anxious to appear wise than to be wise ; more desirous to be justified before the world than to be just before our own consciences. We are all the while tempted to dishonesty, by making others think that we are what we are not. This temptation finds its way into everything. In trade, in politics, in teaching, there is the constant tendency to put show above reality. Even in our religion, it has sometimes been taught that men are saved by covering them with the garment of Christ's righteousness, rather than by making them righteous.

Churches are built by people. They express, therefore, the people's life. As long as we are shams, our churches will be shams. As long as the men who sit in churches are unsound in character and in life, so long churches will be unsound. The flimsiness of our architecture means a vast deal. It is deeply significant. It tells of public sentiment. It tells of the uncertain, shifting, trustless character of our human life. It comes home with its lesson to every soul. It calls aloud for reality, for fidelity to truth, for consecration to principle, for a deep and potent religious life which vows allegiance to the God who is honest, and true, and good. The mute bodies resting in the eternal silence of death demand of us that we have a religion which is real, which is honest, which makes work better, which purifies every activity, which recognizes the divine presence in the shop, in the office, in the store, in the street, in the house, and in the church ; which extends the sheltering arms of its divine influence over every interest of life. The lesson is personal to every one of us. It is not for architects and builders alone, but for us who make architects and builders what they are ; not for the people of the Baptist Church alone, but for the people of this Church, who are involved in the same general tendency to carelessness about the way in which things are done ; not for churches alone, but for individuals who make

up the churches, and from whom the churches get their character. It teaches us to build firmly, without and within ; to place broad and deep the foundations of character, to raise in strength the walls of worthy living, to lay surely and firmly the floors of thought, to span wisely the arches of aspiration and hope, to erect tenderly the cross of humility, and to solicit the incoming of that heavenly spirit without which human life at the best is but a splendid sham.



FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

OSCAR E. WAINWRIGHT, M. D.,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, NO. 110 E. FAYETTE ST.,
JUNE 25TH.

At the appointed hour some fifty members of Central City Lodge of Masons, of which the deceased was an honored member, proceeded in a body from their rooms in South Salina street, to the family residence, and under whose auspices the services were to be conducted. The Syracuse Medical Association also turned out in very large numbers to pay the last tribute of respect to their deceased associate. When these two societies reached the house, there was scarcely standing room for them outside, and the spacious parlors and rooms, and hall and stairways inside were literally packed with the friends of the family who had early arrived. We have never witnessed funeral obsequies more solemn or impressive. Dr. Wainwright was a noble specimen of a man, kind and generous, open hearted and sociable, and in his ten years' residence in Syracuse, had made many friends professionally and socially. This, coupled with the very melancholy character of his death, combined to make the sympathy and grief general, and consequently a funeral as large as it was sad-denning. Of the near relatives of the family present, there were Mrs. Wainwright, the widow, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gerber, and brother, William A. Gerber, all of Aurora, New York. (Julius Gerber, another brother, was by illness prevented from being present, although in the city.) Also there was present Mr. and Mrs. John Wainwright, father and mother of the deceased, and a sister, Mrs. M. H. Daly and husband, all of Akron, New York. Names of other relatives we did not learn.

The services were commenced by Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling, offering a fervent and feeling prayer, prefacing it with

some very appropriate and touching remarks. Although he was called upon to attend the funeral of another of his church at the same hour, he felt as though he could not go away without testifying to the character of the deceased, and expressing his deep sympathy for the widow and friends in the sad bereavement.

The choir of the Second Baptist Church then sung the hymn,

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

Rev. E. G. Thurber, pastor of Park Presbyterian Church, read several appropriate scriptural selections and followed with a memorial address, which, though brief, was fraught with tender beauty and regard for the deceased, and expressed with such notable eloquence that a spell seemed to rest upon the whole assemblage. The lessons drawn from the heart-rending calamity were pressed home and riveted in every mind and heart. We come here to-day to extend a mournful farewell to one whose hopes were high and strong. But the readiest ministry, the most tender respect we can bring, does not equal something better we can bring, which is the God of all consolation. In this event it is illustrated how suddenly we can be transformed from mirth to mourning; that it is but a step from daylight to darkness. Our hearts are pained to dwell upon it, our eyes are wet with tears at what we have seen, and our ears have heard the most sorrowful tidings. We cannot raise the dead. We cannot by any human power bring back to life or restore to dear ones the departed. This is another tie that binds us to human sorrow. Strong arms and loving hearts have been extended, but no human power could rescue them. Human words fail but God's word cheers. The religion of Jesus Christ is a blessing in times and trials like these. When those human beings were crushed down and their spirits winged their flight heavenward, God's word said to them, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." From out of these words comes the test of this religion. God is speaking to all of us in this calamity. We should live nearer to him; as Christians and people we should put our houses in order, for life is short and death is certain and sudden, as we see in this. God says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Rev. Dr. Eddy then added a testimonial to the deceased as a man and member of his church. Dr. Wainwright joined the Second Baptist Church under Dr. Eddy's pastorate, just previous to the coming of Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling. Since then he had been actively identified with all the churches' interests, and was for a long time a member of Dr. Eddy's Bible class, evincing a very close interest in all Biblical questions which were discussed, and often reading some well written analyses of his own on the subjects that were presented. Since he had united with the church he had conducted a large Bible class himself, and was always present when he possibly could be, and his professional duties did not interfere. Dr. Eddy also alluded to the social life of the deceased, and the eulogy he pronounced was feelingly presented and affecting.

Rev. E. G. Thurber made the closing prayer, when the choir sung the beautiful and solemn chant :

"O, what is Life."

An opportunity was then given for those who desired to view the remains, the Masonic order and medical profession leading the throngs that filed for many minutes through the halls and outside walks. On the casket was the following inscription :

DR. OSCAR E. WAINWRIGHT,
Died June 23, 1874,
Aged 39 years.

The casket was a handsome one, heavily mounted, and was borne from the house by the following representatives of the Masonic fraternity, acting as pall bearers ;

C. B. Gay, W. S. Peck, N. C. Broughton, C. T. Talcott, William Gilbert, A. D. Sanford.

The floral offerings that were handed in were numerous and of the most tasteful character. One of the pieces, a handsome cross of white flowers was, in accordance with Mrs. Wainwright's wishes, deposited with the remains.

About five o'clock the procession of Masons and Physicians formed, and escorted the remains, which were followed by many carriages, to Oakwood. A circle was formed around the grave, when Rev. E. G. Thurber offered prayer, and Master Mason Russell read the Masonic burial service. The impressive exercises at the grave were concluded with prayer by Rev. Mr. Thurber.

The following resolutions of respect were offered by the Medical Society of Syracuse :

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF DR. WAINWRIGHT.

The committee respectfully report the following preamble and resolutions :—

WHEREAS, By a terrible and unforeseen casualty, which has brought mourning and sadness upon this whole community, our friend and professional brother, Dr. Oscar E. Wainwright, has been suddenly cut off in the prime and vigor of a perfect manhood, thereby renewing afresh the breach in our ranks so recently made by the sudden demise of Dr. J. W. Lawton; therefore,

Resolved, That by this sudden and terrible death of Dr. Wainwright, we are again reminded of the uncertain tenure of life, and of the fact that neither health nor youth, nor the vigor of manhood can render us proof against the irrevocable summons of the grim messenger who waits alike for us all.

Resolved, That we sincerely regret this untimely termination of a life which might otherwise for many years have been devoted to the promotion of the welfare of the community, and the honor of our profession.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his affectionate wife and sorrowing friends, and hereby tender them our heartfelt condolence in this season of universal grief.

Resolved, That this Association will attend his funeral in a body, and assist in rendering the last sad offices of friendship to his remains.

Resolved, That a copy of this report be engrossed by our Secretary, and presented to Mrs. Wainwright, and also be tendered to the daily papers for publication.

M. D. BENEDICT,
A. D. FELTON,
M. M. MACDONALD.

MRS. MARGARET C. KARR,

HELD AT THE RESIDENCE OF MR. LUTHER KARR, NO. 103
WARREN STREET, JUNE 26TH.

A large number of relatives and friends met to offer in tender sympathy their respect to the memory of this exceptionally lovely lady. A number of friends of the deceased were present from Watertown.

The exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. S. Bacon, who paid a glowing tribute to her memory, which will be found on page 49.

At the close of Mr. Bacon's address the remains were borne to the Central depot for transportation to New York Mills, by the following gentlemen who acted as pall-bearers :—Charles Chadwick, A. B. Randall, T. W. Perry, F. H. Williams.

The following lines were printed by the Albany *Express* :

ONE OF THE DEAD—A DIRGE.

The following lines were respectfully inscribed to J. E. Karr, esq., on the death of his wife :

'Twas the eve of the day of the blessed St. John,
When all things were lovely in nature and grace,
While crowds of the happy, with festival song,
Were filling the church—and joy followed apace.

But, O, God ! what a crash ! what shrieks now arise,
What groans, and what prayers are all blending ;
While without rush dear friends with anguish and cries
As they look on the sight—so heart-rending.

And there lay the husband, the wife, and the child,
The sister, and brother, and daughter so dear,
The eyes of the dead all closed—but how wild
Are the eyes of the living, half dead in their fear.

Among those found sleeping the last long sleep
Was one whose heart to the church was long given,
Whose fate many friends with her husband do weep,
Though they doubt not the soul of the dead is in heaven.

She was fair to the eyes of all who love beauty ;
She was true to the church and the family dear,
Nor was she e'er wanting to the call of stern duty
When once its bright path was made to appear.

Farewell to the warm heart of sweet Mrs. Karr,
Farewell to her voice that sang with rare song ;
Her beauty, her song, her fame sounding afar,
Not only to earth, but to heaven belong.

St. John's Day, 1874.

J. W. B.

MRS. A. C. VEEDER AND MISS GUSSIE CARPENTER,

HELD AT THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN F. BRADT, NO. 14 CHURCH STREET.

These ladies were visitors to this city. Mrs. Veeder being a resident of Utica, and Miss Carpenter of Schenectady. Many friends of each met at the residence of their uncle, to join in the solemn services which were conducted by Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers :—Chas. A. Horton, J. A. McKay, George Clark, Frank Fish.

Resolutions of respect and sympathy was also passed in memory of these ladies by Bible Class No. 2, of Central Baptist Church. They will be found in the memorial services held at Wieting Opera House. Belden Division also passed resolutions in respect to Miss Carpenter, a copy of

which is appended to the report of Mrs. Barnes' funeral services.

Resolutions of sympathy and love for Mrs. Veeder, were passed by Bible Class No. 2, of Central Baptist Church, a copy of them appear in the memorial services at Wieting Opera House.

MRS. MARY A. CROW,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, NO. 71 IRVING STREET,
JUNE 28TH.

A crowd of loving sympathising friends gathered to witness the last sad rites. Loving hands had made lovely the funeral chamber. The casket stood midway the folding parlor doors; on it a lovely cross, at its head a crown, its foot a triplet, hanging over it a basket of delicate sprays, over and from side to side the doorway flowers wreathed in festoons, around the rooms bouquets, and the pall cloth studded with flowers—all white.

The Central Baptist Church quartette opened the services; Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling read selections of Scripture; Rev. Mr. Sizer followed in prayer; the quartette sang

"I will give thee rest."

Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling then made brief remarks, glancing at the life-character of deceased, and drawing forcibly the lessons of death. He said:—Mrs. Crow's was a lovely character, in all the relations of life, as daughter, wife, mother, sister, friend—these crowned with the beauties of Christian faith, love and works; not to be seen of men, but for the Master's sake. Only her more intimate friends fully knew these beautiful traits in her character. They had come, with sad hearts, to bid a silent farewell, until the union beyond. Mrs. C. was in charge of the floral table at the church festival when came the fatal fall. Meet that now, sweetly sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, friendships offering of fresh flowers surround her, as they did. The quartette sang,

"Cast thy burden on the Lord,"

And after the benediction and the last look, the remains were conveyed to Oakwood, where Rev. Mr. Sizer officiated.

In the crowd at the funeral a young lady fainted, and had to be carried into open air.

FRANC S. LEONARD,

AGED 5 YEARS, HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, 212 EAST
GENESEE STREET, JUNE 26TH.

At this house of mourning the attendance was large, many friends of the family from Phoenix, where the family formerly resided being present. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Crowell, of Phoenix, assisted by Rev. Mr. Huntington, of the University Avenue Church, to the Sunday School of which the deceased belonged. The choir of the above mentioned church were present and conducted the singing. The flower offerings were very beautiful, among others an exquisite wreath of pure white blossoms. Appropriate and consolatory remarks were made by the officiating clergymen. The remains were conveyed to the beautiful Oakwood, and as the sun was declining the lovely form of this beloved little one was laid to rest under the daisies.

LULA HORTON,

HELD AT HER MOTHER'S RESIDENCE, 42 JEFFERSON STREET,
JUNE 25TH.

The services at this house of mourning were of a most solemn and impressive nature. The Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling, paid a beautiful tribute to the life and character of the deceased child, who, although young in years, had expressed a desire to enjoy religion and be a child of God. To her mother she had been a great source of comfort, having always been dutiful and obedient.

A very profuse and rare collection of flowers were contributed by the friends of the family, among which was a handsome cross of white flowers. There was a calm and beautiful expression about the countenance of the deceased. The remains were deposited in Oakwood, Rev. Dr. Sizer reading the burial service.

Resolutions of sympathy and respect were passed by Belden Cold Water Temple, in memory of Lula. A copy is appended to the notice of the funeral services of Carrie Ostrander.

MRS. M. AUGUSTA BARNES,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, NO. 72 CHESTNUT STREET,
JUNE 26TH.

Among the many who in loving sympathy collected to pay respect to the honored dead were a large number of Odd Fellows from the lodge of which Mr. Barnes is a member, and also more than twenty representatives of the officials, clerks and letter-carriers of the Postoffice.

There were about the parlors, numerous tokens of the esteem in which the deceased was held, and upon her casket there was a beautiful wreath and bouquet of the choicest flowers. A feeling of deep sadness was visible upon the countenances of all present. The religious exercises were also unusually affecting.

An appropriate hymn was sung, when Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling read a chapter from the Scriptures. The Rev. E. G. Thurber offered a beautiful prayer, when the choir sang,

"Peacefully sleep,"

most touchingly, bringing tears to the eyes of all who were within hearing distance.

The Rev. Mr. Dowling spoke briefly to explain why Rev. Mr. Thurber would officiate. He had just come from two funerals, and with a heart swelling with grief and a nervous system shocked he felt unable to conduct the exercises. He concluded by making beautiful allusions to the life and character of Mrs. Barnes, and dwelt particularly on her Christian virtues.

Rev. E. G. Thurber then made some excellent and very appropriate remarks, which deeply affected all who heard them. He referred to the terrible disaster and its consequences, and drew a lesson in concise language of unusual power and influence.

The remains were followed to Oakwood by a large number of people, where, after brief services, they were consigned to the tomb.

The following resolutions expressive of sympathy, were offered by

DEMPSTER LODGE.

At a special meeting of Dempster Lodge, held Wednesday evening, June 24th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, The sad calamity which has just visited our city, having reached

within our lodge, bringing mourning into the household of many of our friends, and especially our W. C. T., E. Austin Barnes; therefore,

Resolved, That in this accident we recognize the hand of Him that doeth all things well, and

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with all those afflicted, and especially are our heartfelt sympathies extended to our W. C. T., E. Austin Barnes, and our sister, Miss Addie Bently, and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to the persons named herein, and be tendered to the several newspapers of this city for publication.

J. B. DIAS,
C. W. C. HOWE,
W. T. MYLCRANE,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF BELDEN DIVISION.

At a regular meeting of Belden Division, No. 27, S. of T., held at their rooms in the Larned Building last evening, the following resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS, The sad calamity which has befallen our city since our last meeting, having entered our division and made desolate the homes of so many of our friends, it seems proper that we should place upon our records some testimonial for their loss and tribute to their worth; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of our sister, Gusie Carpenter, we have lost a true friend and ardent supporter of the cause in which we are laboring, and whose daily walk and conversation witnessed that she was an earnest follower of her Saviour, whom she publicly professed during the past winter, and that in this sad bereavement we recognize the hand of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathy be and is hereby extended to our brother, Chaplain E. Austin Barnes, in his sad affliction, and it is our earnest hope that he may be restored to health and be supported by Him in whom is all strength, in this hour of his sorest need.

Resolved, That our sympathies are hereby extended to all families and friends who have felt His afflicting hand in the terrible calamity of Tuesday evening last, and may the awful warning "that in the midst of life we are in death," result in their and our good.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions, duly certified, be forwarded to the friends of Sister Carpenter, and to our Brother Barnes, and that a copy be furnished to each of the daily papers for publication.

KATE WINNIFRED COLLINS,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, NO. 66 BURNET STREET,
ON FRIDAY, JUNE 26TH.

The attendance was very large, and the floral offerings very lovely. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling, assisted by Rev. Mr. Sizer. The deceased was a member of the Prescott School, and a beautiful feature of the sad occasion was the presence of four young misses, class-mates, attired in white, acting as an escort of

honor. Their names were Hattie Noxon, Lulu Brewster, Lilly Dodge and Mattie Wilds. The coffin was surrounded with flowers, and also around the dead stood her classmates, all dressed in white and each having a bouquet in her hand. Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling officiated. He stated that Winnie's teacher had received a letter from her stating that she was a Christian. At the close of the exercises at the house, the remains were conveyed to Oakwood, Clarence Dodge, John Helm, James Noxon and John Sherlock, acting as pall-bearers. Rev. Mr. Sizer conducted the exercises at the grave.

JOHN AUSTEN,

HELD AT THE RESIDENCE OF HIS SON, WM. J. AUSTEN, NO. 138
WEST FOURTH STREET, OSWEGO, N. Y., JUNE 26TH,
11 A. M.

Although a very rainy and unpleasant day, a large number of Oswego's best citizens collected to pay their tribute of respect to the departed. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Tully. The exercises consisted of singing, reading of Scriptural selections, prayers, and a brief review of the life of the deceased. The remains were subsequently conveyed to the cemetery in that city and interred. The following gentlemen acting as pall-bearers:—Messrs. Hendricks and Gordon, of Syracuse, and Doolittle and Sabine of Oswego.

The *Oswego Times* says:—"The death of Mr. John Austen by the falling of the floor of the Church in Syracuse last evening, has created a profound sensation in this city, where he was so well known and so universally respected. Mr. Austen was for many years a resident of this city, where he always maintained the character of a gentleman and highly respected citizen. He was intelligent, upright, enterprising and successful in his business, and was a good citizen in all of the relations of life. He was the father of Mr. W. J. Austen, proprietor of the third ward drug store, and father-in-law of Mr. Frank W. Oliver, the well known photographer of this city. Besides, he had here a very wide circle of friends and acquaintances."

The following is a copy of resolutions passed by the Radical club:—

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE RADICAL CLUB.

WHEREAS, Our esteemed brother, John Austen, lost his life by the late terrible catastrophe, resulting from the criminal negligence of some person or persons entrusted with the building of the Central Baptist Church of this city; therefore,

Resolved, That the members of this Club hereby tender their sympathies to his surviving family and friends, and refer them for consolation to the bright, spotless character the husband, father and citizen left them as a perpetual legacy.

Resolved, That we hereby express our deep regret, that so true a man in all the relations of life should be removed from a world that stands so much in need of men of independent thought, genius and character, all of which our brother possessed in no small measure.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Syracuse and Oswego city papers.

MISS MINNIE E. THOMAS,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, 68 MONTGOMERY STREET,
JUNE 27TH.

The Rev. M. S. Hard commenced the services by reading a Scriptural passage, and then announced the hymn,

"Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding."

Prayer followed. It was an earnest and touching appeal to the Throne of Grace, beseeching God's blessing upon the stricken household, that the wonderful providences of God were mysterious, yet we would not question His wisdom. In many homes there is mourning, this mourning and our hearts cry out for Divine help. Half of this family have crossed the flood, and may God shower special blessings on those that remain; may He comfort the widow and the orphan, and prepare us all for our final departure.

The choir sung,

"There is a home for the blest on that beautiful shore,"

When Rev. M. S. Hard made a brief address, saying that we are here to-day to recognize the fact of death, and receive a lesson from the recent terrible event. We may sing, "Thy will be done," but it requires religion in our hearts to accept God's will when such events come upon us.

The choir sung beautifully,

"A few more prayers, a few more tears,"

when a view of the remains was gone through with, and the procession moved to Oakwood. Messrs. William M. Landon, E. T. Hawkins, Wm. B. Burns, E. C. Sawyer, J. K. Rice and M. F. Roberts, were the pall-bearers. When the funeral cortege reached the cemetery, the scene around

the grave was most impressive—such a scene as only an eye witness could appreciate, and no pen describe. The vault was on a gradual slope of a hill near the Longstreet monument. On each side of the grave were the pall-bearers; just above, the friends were congregated; while still just above them was the choir, and the sweet strains of "The Bright Forever," as sung by the choir, were wafted on the air—the solemnity, the beauty of the scene as presented, was sublime beyond description.

The Rev. M. S. Hard closed the burial services with the benediction.

As at the residence of those buried previously, so at this house of mourning, a very profuse and rare display of flowers was handed in by kind friends—crosses, anchors, wreaths and bouquets, handsomely arranged, and in almost endless quantities.

CHARLES D. COLLINS,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, COLLINS' BLOCK, FRIDAY,
JUNE 26TH.

Here were gathered in sympathy a large number of the friends of the bereaved family. The offerings of flowers were profuse and beautiful. The Rev. M. S. Hard, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Eddy, conducted the exercises, which were of a most impressive nature. The remains were conveyed to Oakwood cemetery and then consigned to their final resting place.

Resolutions expressive of sympathy with the parents of Charles D. Collins, were passed by Belden Cold Water Temple. A copy is appended to the report of the funeral services of Carrie Ostrander.

GRACE E. HOLMES,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, 77 CATHARINE STREET,
JUNE 26TH.

The funeral was held on Friday, and was largely attended. The numbers congregated, completely filled the house and grounds, and blockaded the street and walks. A large delegation of teachers and scholars from the Townsend and

Franklin and other schools, were present, to tender their beloved friend and tutor a farewell tribute of respect.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling and Rev. E. A. Lecompte, and were very impressive and solemn. They were commenced by the choir singing the hymn,

"In the valley."

The Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling then read the twenty-second chapter of Revelations and other selections, followed by Rev. E. A. Lecompte in prayer. After the choir again sung the hymn,

"Come ye disconsolate,"

Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling spoke from the text, "She is not dead but sleepeth," in elegant and feeling words upon the calamity, and in assurances which he had that the virtues of the deceased were many,—that she was truly a child of God, and had gone home to Heaven.

The Rev. E. A. Lecompte also made brief remarks, alluding to the pleasure it afforded the Christian to be assured that when life here is closed, we have a home in Heaven, a house not made with hands, *and which could not fall*. The choir again sung the hymn,

"Come unto me,"

and Rev. Mr. Dowling closed the services by prayer.

The flowers presented by her late teacher associates were very many and in different designs, emblematical of the love and affection for the deceased, and all beautifully arranged. The pupils under Miss Holmes' latest care in the Townsend School, also brought many of the flowers, and fairly filling the house with them since the accident. The body was tastefully and neatly laid out, the head a little inclined on the right side, the lips parted, showing the teeth, and the whole presenting an amiable and loving expression.

Messrs. J. Page Monroe, E. P. Glass, E. A. Kingsley, E. Hawkins, F. P. Hale and Sidney Smith, acted as pallbearers.

The remains were viewed by a continuous procession for half an hour, and then conveyed to Oakwood, followed by a long line of carriages filled with the friends of the deceased, including the teachers of both Townsend and Franklin Schools, while many of her pupils, both boys and girls, walked to the cemetery and back, in respect to their

late teacher, to witness the rites at the grave, where the Rev. E. A. Lecompte officiated. The beautiful casket bore this inscription :—

GRACE E. HOLMES,
Died June 23d, 1874,
Aged 26 years.

TOWNSEND SCHOOL RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions passed by the teachers and pupils of Townsend School, on the death of their associate, Miss Grace E. Holmes :—

Resolved, That in the appalling accident of Tuesday, the teachers and pupils of Townsend School have met with a distressing bereavement in the death of our much loved Gracie.

Resolved, That while we are overcome by this affliction, we recognize in our dear departed one pre-eminently fitted to appear before the Master in a wedding garment, one whose daily walk among us has been a bright example of Christian charity, whose purity and uprightness were known to all ; that in her we have lost a faithful teacher, a dear friend and companion, one of nature's highly gifted, noble, Christian women.

Resolved, That we tender her afflicted family our sincere sympathy in their bereavement, and point them for consolation to the cross of that blessed Redeemer, in whose footsteps she has walked from her infancy.

Resolved, That we attend her funeral in a body, and cause these resolutions to be printed in the daily papers and a copy of the same to be sent to the afflicted family.

Of her literary productions, but few have found their way to the public press. Of those found in her portfolio indicative of her taste and style of thought, written in 1873, one is subjoined :—

Once was my soul wearied with vainly seeking
The path wherein walk those whom God has blest,
When came to me the words of Christ's own speaking,
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

No need for further search—his voice obeying
I came to Him, my wanderings confessed,
He guided me, my doubts and fears allaying,
And from sin's crushing burdens gave me rest.

When earthly friendships by death's hand were broken,
And on my life-griefs a heavy hand was pressed,
Again my spirit heard the sweet words spoken,
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

When many trials and cares uniting,
With pain and boding fears my heart oppressed,
Again the promise came, my dark path lighting,—
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

He hath given rest, whate'er the future's bringing
 I trust my life with Him who knoweth best;
 Whatever dangers 'round my pathway springing,
 He will be with me, He will give me rest.

CARRIE OSTRANDER,

HELD AT THE FAMILY RESIDENCE, 70 TAYLOR STREET, JULY
 8TH.

After weeks of most painful suffering, this young girl found relief in death on the evening of July 6th, at about six o'clock. Her injuries were of the most painful and distressing character. A very large concourse of friends assembled to pay the last sad tribute of sympathy and love to the dear one gone. Affecting and impressive remarks were made by the Rev. Henry A. Sizer, at the house, who also conducted the exercises at the grave.

A marked feature of the occasion was the presence of a large number of the Belden Cold Water Temple, of which Carrie was an honored member. They accompanied the remains to the cemetery, and as the coffin was lowered into the grave, they each threw upon it a flower. The act was graceful and expressive, both of the innocence and purity of the living, as well as of the departed.

At a regular meeting of "Belden Cold Water Temple," held Saturday, July 11th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY BELDEN COLD WATER TEMPLE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Father to remove from our midst, by death, our beloved Brother Charles Collins, and Sisters Lula Horton and Carrie Ostrander; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of "Belden Cold Water Temple," do here recognize the hand of Providence, and extend to the parents and relatives of our departed Brother and Sisters our heartfelt sympathy in this their time of affliction, and recommend them to look to our Father in Heaven as the only source of comfort and true consolation.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Temple, and that a copy, signed by our Chief Templar and Secretary, be presented to the parents of our departed Brother and Sisters.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be presented to the daily papers for publication.

EDITH RANGER, Secretary.

A. L. Dick, Chief Templar.

GENERAL RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE AND EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY.

The Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, has received many very kindly expressions of deep sympathy from churches and individuals in various parts of the country. Among them are telegraphic communications from the Baptists of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities. They are justly appreciated by Rev. Mr. Dowling and his church, who at this time are plunged in such deep trouble and need sustaining.

The following is a telegram from Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, who was formerly a pastor here :—

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 26, 1884.

Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling, Pastor Central Baptist Church, Syracuse :—

Our deepest sympathies and prayers that you may be comforted.

[Signed.]

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

To which Mr. Dowling replied as follows :—

To T. DeWitt Talmage, Brooklyn, N. Y. :—

God bless you for your words of sympathy. Many a prayer meeting have I attended, but never one like that of Tuesday night, after the awful crash. These are the times when a man needs Christ. Struggling for our lives in the fearful darkness, even then the Star of Bethlehem shone bright. Praise God for that.

[Signed.]

GEO. THOS. DOWLING.

LETTER FROM REV. GEO. THOS. DOWLING TO HIS CHURCH.

My Dearly Beloved and much Respected People :

Truly God hath laid his hand very heavily upon us. We who went down together in that crash of death, must ever remember the anguish of that awful night, when struggling for life we lay a helpless mass of bleeding humanity. May Christ comfort you in your wretched homes and on your beds of pain. Would to God that I could see you all, and with your hands in mine, could whisper words of sympathy and love. But the dead must be buried and the dying must be saved. Even while I write, the carriage waits to bear me to the house of mourning, to utter the last prayer above one who has stood so nobly by his pastor in days gone by. My soul yearns toward your poor bleeding hearts ;

and in my helplessness I can only point you to Him who once wept with a Mary and a Martha over a dead Lazarus, and remind you that though all else may fail, your Savior, and mine, is an *everlasting rock*. Sometimes working in a *mysterious way*, it is ever the *right way*. *He never makes a mistake.*

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He can make it plain.

So far as *human* responsibility is concerned, a thorough investigation will be made, and the blame laid wherever it belongs. Until then let us abstain from all comment so far as possible.

And now as to the future. Let us rally all our energies once more to the work.

Remember your pastor stands firmly with you, in this trying ordeal, determined to see you through, with the help of God. Amid all this terrible darkness how much we have for which to praise Him. He has wonderfully blessed you in establishing in this Central City a "Stranger's Sabbath Home," for the multitude. Not only from all parts of our own city, but from neighboring towns and villages, they have flocked to your sanctuary, like doves to their windows; scores have been turned to Christ. Among them some who last Tuesday night went into heaven.

Let the history of the past be but a prophecy of even a more glorious future. Scarred and wounded, a kind Father hath preserved us, that for a few more days we may toil on. Soon we too shall be gone. Let us labor then with our might, while the day lasts. Rally once more my people. And when the sun shall have gone down upon our harvest fields, and shadows shall gather about our beds, there may stand one beside us, with scarred visage, and wounded hands; and He will bless us for blessing Him. And we will say "Lord, when saw I thee, a hungered and fed thee? or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee?"

And he will answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did unto me."

Your deeply sympathizing pastor,

GEO. THOS. DOWLING.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CHURCH TRUSTEES.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Central Baptist Church, held last evening, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

We, the trustees and pastor of the Central Baptist Society, of Syracuse, N. Y., wish to offer in behalf of our afflicted church our heartfelt expression of gratitude to God for the many sympathising friends He has raised up for us in the hour of our deep calamity.

We wish to thank most cordially our fellow citizens, including especially the firemen and police force, for their noble efforts in our behalf on the night of the 23d inst.

We also wish earnestly to thank the various pastors of our city for their multiplied expressions of sympathy, both by word and deed. Most nobly has that sympathy been shown and we only wait for an opportunity to express by acts that gratitude which words must fail to convey.

We still further desire to implore the blessing of God upon those who, from all parts of the land, have forwarded to us tokens of their condolence, and to all who in any way have lent their aid that we might bear the crushing sorrow which has overwhelmed us. That God may bless them with the same blessing wherewith they have blessed us, will ever be our earnest prayer.

Signed,—Geo. Thos. Dowling, pastor, Riley V. Miller, Manning C. Palmer, Calvin B. Gay, Alva C. Spencer, Chas. C. Downing, Henry W. Short, Gardner B. Weeks, Trustees.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE AND SYMPATHY.

The First Baptist Church of Syracuse and Pastor, to the Central Baptist Church and Pastor in Deep Affliction, Send Christian Greeting:—

In the midst of the gloom and sorrow into which you have been so suddenly plunged, we extend to you that sympathy which has its everlasting springs in the bosom of the Saviour. Our hearts are moved with anguish by the calamity you have been called to suffer; our tears fall with yours in mourning for the dead; and our spirits are subdued with humiliation by the sense of the utter helplessness of man without the beneficence of God. But in the name of Him who calmed the raging waters, we bid you "be of good cheer," and, having paid deserved tribute to those who have entered into the mansions of rest, take fresh courage and push forward the work of God, which you have already so grandly advanced.

We scarcely need point you to the Source of all consolation, the Source of all hope, the Source of all strength. That has become a part of the very fibre of your lives, and you cannot but realize and appreciate its power; for during all these days of affliction and sorrow, you have had fast hold upon the mighty arm of God. May no discourage-

ments, however dark, cause you to relinquish your grasp!

We warmly bid you welcome to a place in our house of worship, and to a participation in our religious services on all occasions, not only until you shall have recovered from your present calamities, but so long as we shall have an organized existence for the advancement of the cause of the Master. And may you enjoy the continued presence of God, and be blessed with many assurances of His gracious favor!

SYRACUSE, June 27, 1874.

UNIVERSITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The following resolution was passed by the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University, on motion of George Lansing Taylor:—

Resolved, That we hereby express our heartfelt sympathy with the citizens of this city, and especially with the congregation and friends of the Central Baptist Church of Syracuse, in the sad calamity which occurred in that Church on last evening, by which many of the families of this city have been plunged into grief and mourning, and we will earnestly pray God for the restoration and consolation of those who have been so wounded and bereaved.

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote, and it was ordered that copies of the same be transmitted to the trustees of the Central Baptist Church, and furnished to the press of this city.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Ministerial Association, held June 25th, 1874, the following resolutions of sympathy were unanimously adopted:—

The intelligence of the heart-rending disaster at the Central Baptist Church, bringing death and affliction into so many homes and to so many hearts, calls for our deepest sympathy, and affects us with sincere sorrow.

And we hereby tender our brother and fellow laborer, Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling, our heartfelt sympathies, and proffer him any fraternal and pastoral aid in our power; and we pray that this great grief to our sister church may be greatly sanctified to them and to all of our churches.

And we earnestly commend all of these stricken families in their time of need to the abundant grace of the Holy Comforter, praying that He may prove to them a *very present* help in time of trouble.

A. F. BEARD, }
M. S. HARD, } Committee.

COMMON COUNCIL OF SYRACUSE.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the Common Council of this city:—

WHEREAS, In view of the recent sad calamity at the Central Baptist Church, causing the pall of death to hang darkly over our fair city, an occurrence that has

brought sorrow and desolation to so many homes, and which leaves behind a burden of sad memories that generations cannot forget; and

Whereas, This Common Council heartily and sensitively sympathize with all who suffer or have been afflicted, and to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of so fearful and deplorable an event; therefore,

Resolved, That by virtue of section 24, of title 4, of the city Charter, the Common Council hereby requests the Mayor to designate such person or persons as he may deem necessary to make a thorough examination of all churches and other public buildings (except the Central Baptist Church) within the city limits, for the object above explained, and to report to this Board, in a specific manner, at the earliest possible date, the actual condition of said buildings.

EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY.

Headquarters of Post Dwight No. 7, Department of New York, G. A. R.,

SYRACUSE, June 28th, 1874.

[General Order No. 6.]

A terrible calamity has happened among us which, although it involved neither the life nor limb of comrades, with one exception, comes home to us in the death and injury of many near and dear friends, and of others who stood by us at home while we were fighting their battles at the front.

A pleasant gathering of persons enjoying a season of quiet entertainment is suddenly, without warning, precipitated into an indiscriminate mass, with falling timbers crashing among them, killing and injuring many. We who have stood upon the battle-field and seen our comrades cut down by the leaden and iron ball, and have ourselves been struck down by it, can appreciate the sufferings, and can sincerely sympathize with those of our friends who went down on that terrible evening, and with those whom this sudden result of the criminal carelessness of some persons, has bereaved of dear ones.

The pastor of the church which has suffered this disaster, upon the invitation of this Post, preached a Memorial Sermon upon the occasion of the Decoration of the graves of our fallen comrades, and the Commander of this Post knows of no more fit way in which we can express our sympathy for his stricken congregation than by attending the memorial service of the Central Baptist Church to-day, at Wieting Opera House. By command of

H. W. CLARKE, Commander.

FRED. A. TALLMAN, Adjutant.

[From the Sunday Courier.]
THE CHURCH CALAMITY.

BY "SIDNEY WESTON."

There are sad hearts to-day and sorrow-shrouded homes,
Husbands for wives, wives for their husbands weeping;
Parents with anguish wild for patience pray,
Because some dear lamb of their flock is sleeping:
Sleeping the dreamless sleep that waits God's calling.
O, loving eyes that never more will ope;
O, Death, to come in guise so dark, appalling,—
Leaving no comfort save the Christian's hope.

O, the remembrance of that yawning gulf,
Where life and death in struggle fierce contended;
Where helpless children wild with terror cried,
Or sunk in Death's embrace, their tortures ended;
When strong, brave men as helpless now as they,
And tender women crushed to death lay bleeding,
Listened the groans of mortal agony,
And madly strained to answer to the pleading.

And we whose dear ones 'scaped this cruel death,
What shall we render unto God in Love?
To praise His holy name while we have breath
Is not enough our gratitude to prove.
To lift the burden from the weary heart,
To succor the distressed in time of need,
Courage and strength to feeble souls to impart,
This is to show the love of God indeed.

And brothers, one more lesson may we learn;
When others suffer speak in charity,
A Father's chastening hand we may discern,
But on His judgments silent we must be.
Let us remember when we thus are exempted
To see God's wrath in a calamity,
That none from death or sorrow are tempted,
And how our Lord rebuked the Pharisee.*

*Luke xiii, chapter 1 to 5.

And through a window.....was I let down by the wall, and escaped.
2 Cor. xi. 33.

REMARKABLE ESCAPES.

STATEMENT OF DR. J. H. EATON.

Dr. Wainwright and Mrs. Eaton were at Mrs. Wainwright's ice cream table, which was in the north-west corner of the parlor; when, at the request of Dr. Wainwright, they went to the flower table—some twenty-five feet south on the same side—to select some plants for Mrs. Wainwright.

The Doctor observed to Mrs. Eaton, as they were working their way through the crowd, "You select it and I will buy it, which will make a double gift, and which Mrs. Wainwright will prize more than anything else she has in the house." Mrs. Eaton put her hand on the Doctor's arm to call his attention to a plant which she had selected, when the crash came, and they went down together. After the crash and they had settled down, Mrs. Eaton heard Dr. Wainwright make an ejaculatory prayer: "Oh! Lord, receive my poor soul!"

Upon clearing away the *debris* it was found that this truss, and the timbers attached to it, were the direct instruments of the greatest slaughter.

Mrs. Eaton fell under the truss and the iron rod attached. Dr. Wainwright and Mrs. Crow fell over Mrs. Eaton and between the iron rod and the timbers. The iron rod being under the Doctor and Mrs. Crow, nothing prevented the crushing weight of the timbers from killing them. The rod being over Mrs. Eaton, held the timbers from crushing her; but, as it was, she was merely bound down by her clothes, which were necessarily cut from her body to get her out. When in this condition, it was found, that if the timbers were removed to release her they would crush the skull of Miss Blasdell, who lay near her.

Mrs. Crow, who was in close proximity, had her head directly in an angle of the iron rod attached to the truss, and under the large timbers of the truss which lay diagon-

ally across her breast, and partially over the lower limbs of Mrs. Eaton. Mrs. Crow's mother (Mrs. Lincoln) lay by her side. Mrs. Crow cried and begged for help—for the sake of her motherless babes. Her mother, who was seriously injured, got hold of her hand, and they lay there together for a long time. Mrs. Lincoln was finally removed—two of her ribs being broken. It was found impossible to get Mrs. Crow out for a long time, on account of the iron rod which held her up against the truss timber, and which was crushing the life out of her. Jack screws were finally resorted to to raise the timbers. She breathed her last as they took her out.

The body of Dr. Wainwright was found lying upon his face with no apparent bruise, and his body pinned in by the weight of these timbers and the *debris*, which probably forced the breath from him. He made two or three desperate efforts to free himself, but it was of no use; he made a struggle, a prayer, then gasped and died.

Mrs. Eaton says:—

"I did not suppose I should be saved. The thought came into my head, 'I wonder how many days it will be before they will find my body.' I had no thought of getting out alive. I heard some one speak my name. I said, 'Who is it?' She answered and said, 'Miss Blasdell.' I could not move my arm; I know that I got my hand up and brushed the hair out of her face.

"In the pause which occurred after the crash, I heard Mr. Eaton call me, saying, 'Lizzie!' I called, 'James Eaton!' I supposed he was killed. I called again; but did not hear anything. I called 'James' several times, and, hearing no answer, thought he was surely killed.

"Mrs. Farrar's child and nurse girl went down; she held the child up and tried to protect it from being injured. Nearly suffocated, she finally saw light somewhere, and she found a timber and laid the child on the top of it, and climbed to the window and took a breathing spell for a few minutes, and then went back and got the child and was helped out. Mrs. Farrar's head was held down by some timbers, and they had to saw a section of the timbers off to get her away. She was not bruised or scratched hardly."

Mr. Eaton says:—

"I was attending to the lemonade; my position was directly in front of the kitchen door—in front of a screen.

We were in a high tide of success ; we were making lemonade a third time. I was stepping back of the screen to lift up a pail of water, when I heard a crash, felt a crumbling, a sensation of falling, and perfect blackness. I struck my head going down, and my knee in the Sabbath School room fourteen feet below, striking upon some person who was sitting there ; the fall would probably have killed me if I had not. My first impulse was to put my hands over my head to protect it, as I anticipated brick and *debris* falling on me from above.

"The shriek that went up as we went down was succeeded by an awful pause,—a moment of perfect stillness, followed by the most heart-rending shrieks, prayers and cries for help. The sensation was that we were all killed, and that no possible help could be afforded. A glimmer of light shone over my left shoulder from the Bible Class room. A little boy, eight or ten years of age, was making for this window over the *debris*, screaming at the top of his voice, 'Let me out!' I said to the boy, 'Keep still ; I can get you out.' When I got to the window, I found it had been partly opened for ventilation—the upper part of the window in the lower room. I let him out the length of my arm and let him drop. I then endeavored to tear out the window frame, and finally succeeded in squeezing myself out of the window, and, as I hung there, some men below said, 'Let go and we will break your fall,' which I did. I was helped over to my brother's store on Salina street, and they dashed some water in my face. I found that my head was all right. My first impression was that the right side of my head was crushed in like an egg shell, and the blood rushing in my eye had closed it up. I feared that I had lost my right eye, and I was *wondering how I could ever reason with my skull broken and crushed in !*

"I rushed back to the church to look after my wife, but the police ordered me away saying, 'That man cannot do any good' I got there at the south-west window just as they were lifting my wife out, and received her in my arms. I was so fortunate as to secure a hack, into which we got, and were driven to the Globe Hotel.

"Mrs. Eaton was gasping for breath, and trying to clean the lime and dust from her mouth and throat. It was two or three hours before we were able to restore her from the shock.

"Dr. Pease attended us.

"I was badly cut about the head, and received severe sprains and wrenched my left knee, and have been confined to the house for about ten days."

Mr. Hervey Eaton had just come into the room with his mother, and was working up toward the lemonade stand, and just reached the centre of the room as the crash came. His mother screamed his name—"Hervey!" Mr. Eaton supposed the floor was coming down upon them, braced up against the floor, as he supposed, with his hands and knees, and cried out, "Now, brace everybody—hold this floor up!" As he braced it came down closer; he finally pushed his hand through and discovered that it was the lath and plaster from above, and made his way out; got a light and commenced searching for his mother, Mrs. Goodrich, of Fayetteville. She, however, had been assisted up the slope and taken down a ladder from the window of the kitchen in the second story, and escaped comparatively uninjured.

Wilson Garrison, one of the members of the church, was dishing ice cream in the kitchen; he heard a cracking sound, turned and looked over his shoulder, saw everything going; his wife just stepping into the kitchen after some ice cream, had one foot on the kitchen floor, and the other one was sinking, he threw his arm around her and drew her right towards him, just saving her; he rushed with her to the south-east corner to a window, and then started back to the scene,—it was perfect darkness; he seized a piece of paper, lit it from a red hot stove in the corner, and held it up at arms length over the vortex. His wife said, "Oh! Wilson, that stove will set them all afire!" He answered, "Not as long as there is any ice cream or lemonade." His wife, by his instruction, had been screaming for help; he swung himself, by aid of the gas pipe, down into the vortex. By his advice and assistance the angular timbers were propped up by library doors and pieces of scantling. He worked until midnight like a hero.

As Mr. Garrison held up the light and called to the people to stand back from the window, two women, (Mrs. Burnett and daughter, colored,) who were there assisting, sprang bodily through the second story window to the ground outside, and landed in safety, unharmed.

STATEMENT OF MRS. JOHN AUSTEN.

I was seated in the Sunday school and chapel room just beneath the church parlor. I was on one side of the aisle, my husband on the other, just a few feet from me. My daughter and Mr. Fay were with us. We were just talking about going home when a fearful crashing and tearing sound caused us to look up. I saw the floor above us descending; involuntarily I sprung toward the left, but was caught between two joists which held me firmly across the hips. Darkness most dense shut out my surroundings,—I could see neither husband or daughter. My sufferings were intense; every moment the pressure upon me became greater, and I thought that I should be crushed to death. After some twenty minutes, that seemed as many hours, I was released from my perilous position and was taken over to the house of Mrs. ———, where I remained until the next morning. I was so terribly crushed and bruised that the physician put me under the influence of morphine. I asked for information in regard to my husband and daughter, and was told that my husband was in no danger but that my daughter was badly hurt. It seemed strange that he should not come to see me, but I was so confused by my injuries and the medicines given, that I made no questioning. On Wednesday I was placed in an easy chair, which was put on a wagon, and I was thus taken home, there to learn that my husband was killed and my daughter's right leg fearfully crushed. No words can express the anguish I endured, mentally and physically. The horrors of that night will never fade from my memory—my husband removed, my daughter terribly injured, myself so crushed and strained, that years will not restore me to my former health. I can well say that the hand of misfortune has pressed heavily upon me.

STATEMENT OF MRS. DR. WAINWRIGHT.

I entered the church parlors about a quarter to eight in the evening. The scene before me was one of pure social enjoyment. After exchanging kindly greetings with a number of my friends, I proceeded to arrange my ice cream table. The table was in the extreme north-west corner of the room. I thought at the time that it was not the best location for a financial success, but according to my

knowledge, none seated at the table or standing around it, were killed. I was just at the moment of the accident engaged in making change for Mr. Durston and family, and was standing between the table and screen—about four feet from the wall; heard a loud cracking report; raised my eyes to the ceiling and saw the chandelier breaking away, also the wall overhead. Everyone seemed to hold their breath for an instant; then my eyes rested on the sea of heads, and they all seemed to be borne down toward the west center of the room. Oh, such a cry of horror as fell upon my ears,—I can never forget it to my dying day. I never thought of escape, but the first impression I had was that the church had fallen in and we were all going into eternity.

I must have sank with the floor, for I lay upon my back, my head partially turned to the right side, my hands down beside me. I remember distinctly to have repeated over and over again: "Oh, Christ save me!" Some person lay across my lower limbs, and as my hands were beside me, one of their hands rested on mine; 'twas a small hand, and I think the person or child was very much hurt if not killed. I felt them struggle hard, and such screams I never heard; I pressed their hand, and the pressure was returned. As the mortar and bricks fell so fast upon and about me, I was entirely pinioned and could do nothing to save them or myself; in fact, I never thought of trying. I felt that my final doom had come, and in words of prayer, I told Jesus of his promise to meet me and take away the sting of death. I struggled greatly for breath. I heard my own labored breathing; felt, when I first began to pray as though every time I cried: "Christ, save me!" the weight of things above me seemed to lighten as really if lifted up. Reason said you never can be saved. But thanks be to God, he was near me, and while I felt the relentless hand of death laid upon me, I could say: "The Saviour is here also." He sustained and gave me a glimpse of his glory. I felt assured that my spirit left my body; the last struggle was severe. But O, the rapture that followed, I can never express in words; I seemed suddenly to be relieved as from fetters and borne by some invisible power up, up, and every instant more enrapturing emotions of soul seemed to possess me, and I exclaimed in my joy: "Oh, if this be death, how much more beautiful than ever it was to live." I saw before me what seemed to be like a long, long tunnel,

all dark, with the exception, over one side was a silver light, like the reflection when the sun shines upon glass, and this took away all the gloominess of the scene. I felt that I was to enter through that way before I beheld heaven and my Saviour.

I know nothing about being taken from the ruins. I was borne by four persons (whom I know not) to Dr. Sheldon's office. Just before reaching there, I felt that I was coming back to the body. I was laid upon a couch and some restorative given me, which, in attempting to swallow, nauseated me and produced hemorrhage of the lungs and stomach, with intense coughing and raising. As soon as sufficiently restored, I was carried to my home. I was not able to lie down at all during the night without bringing on a severe coughing spell.

I found many kind friends around me, and their sympathy and love will never be forgotten.

But one loved face I looked and longed for, I did not find. Where was my husband? I supposed, of course, he must have gone down with the rest. I never thought he could have been killed. But as everything was being done for me, and no one mentioned his name, except as I made inquiry, I began to fear, and a great dread took hold of me. What if he were dead? I asked a dear friend whom I thought would tell me the truth, (little expecting it was my worst fears realized,) if my husband were dead, and when she replied that he was, I cried out in my anguish: "O Lord, is he saved?" My bereavement seemed as nothing compared with this one desire to feel assured of his salvation. God has been good. He led me back over the weeks and months that have passed,—caused me to see and feel how he was trusting in none other for salvation; and how daily, he was committing himself into the hands of a covenant-keeping God; and now I dwell not upon the past harrowing scenes, but am giving him my own blissful experience, feeling that he has entered into the full realization of which I only had a glimpse.

Dear friends, who have been so kind to me, and those who may read these lines, I pray God, to help you every one, to build your hopes upon the sure foundation—Jesus Christ—that should sudden destruction come upon you, you will know in whom you trust, and may hide in the covert of the Almighty.

STATEMENT OF REV. H. J. EDDY.

At the time the accident occurred, I was looking for Miss Gracie Holmes, who was afterwards killed. I had no fears on account of the crowd, for I had never heard the safety of the floor questioned. I was pushing my way towards the centre of the room, when I felt the floor fall with a crushing noise, and I instantly comprehended the situation, and exclaimed, "It is the last!"—thinking of a fall from a balcony which I had about two years ago.

The voices of mirth and the buzz of conversation were instantly changed to a loud scream. The two or three seconds of falling seemed to be prolonged to as many minutes. The shock of striking was instantly followed by the fall of the truss and timbers of the ceiling, with lath and plaster, and with a smudge which made breathing very difficult. With every breath, lime and plaster was inhaled which produced spasmodic coughing. I found my feet and legs were fast, with a tremendous pressure upon them. I made an effort to extricate them, but in vain. I found that the mass of timbers above was settling, and I shrunk down into as small a place as possible. It was total darkness. I gave my whole attention to the removal of plaster from my face, holding my nose and breathing through my beard. My desperate efforts to pull my feet out of the mass of struggling bodies and the difficulty of breathing, exhausted all my strength, and I waited quietly for help.

The cries and screams about me were heart-rending; some voices were stifled by the dust and by the bodies and timbers which lay upon them. The most of the voices were praying, some were calling for help, one was crying murder, and one (Mrs. Davis, the blind woman,) was exhorting all to trust in the Lord. I heard also the loud cries of children. While in that condition, loud talk outside the building and the breaking of the lath over me, indicated efforts to deliver us. I also heard the fire alarm bell, and soon learned that the police were at work. Feeling a pressure across my chest, I found it to be a human arm with hand clinched into my clothing. When I removed the arm, the young woman whose it was asked, "Who is it?" I gave her my name; told her not to be alarmed, and that the people were trying to rescue us. Being sensible that the weight on my feet was diminishing, I made another

effort and succeeded in drawing one foot out of the terrible vice that held it. It hurt some one, and I waited some time before extricating the other. Some one had broken through the lath and plaster, and I saw a light and at the same time a way to escape. But the young woman, whom I mentioned before, was above me on the inclined plain of the fallen floor, and the ceiling rested on broken chairs and tables about a foot above. I requested her to crawl up through the opening. She said she was held fast by her clothing. I tore her dress from the timbers, and she, by my help, climbed up through the narrow opening, till we met Mr. Dennis Kennedy, who assisted us to the door at the head of the stairs.

A blow on the muscles of my thigh partially paralyzed them so that I could not walk, and some other bruises produced temporary soreness, but I was not seriously injured.

When I entered upon the pastorate of the Central Baptist Church, the chapel was being built, and I suggested the inconvenience of pillars in an audience room, and as floors and galleries much larger than that were sustained by trusses, I thought this could be done with but little more expense. They consulted the architect, Mr. H. N. White, and claimed to have his consent to the removal of the pillars, and that he gave the builder directions accordingly. With the single exception of the truss that broke down, I believe that edifice to be one of the best constructed buildings in Syracuse.

STATEMENT OF REV. H. A. SIZER.

My wife, on leaving the table, had stepped into the south parlor. We left Mrs. Davis, Mrs. E. A. Barnes (who was killed) and others, at the table. I handed a bill, and was waiting for the change, when the dark curtain dropped, and the unexpected change in the programme occurred. Standing near the center of the room, the first premonition I had was the sinking of the floor. It seemed as though I was in the very center of the downward current—everything receding from below, and everything from above centering and coming into this downward current—all about me—like grain passing through a hopper. Next came the cracking and creaking of timbers, the falling of plaster, timbers and brick, with a grinding, rumbling noise,

and the appalling accompaniment of screams, wailing, praying, and the groans of the crushed and dying all around me.

After going down a little, I adjusted myself so as to avoid the *debris* that was following and pressing closer and more tightly upon me. When near the floor below there was a seeming pause in the downward motion, but it was renewed, pressing closer and harder upon me until there was no part of my body or limbs that was not immovably bound, my lower limbs, so painfully, as to send upward feelings of alternate numbness and burning.

At the first pause, my arms and head had some liberty. But now my arms were so tightly pressed across my chest as to crush a pencil in my side pocket, though it was protected by a receiver, with several postal cards and envelopes, while the wood of a crushed marble-top table pressed upon the side of my head and face. I was in the angle at the very bottom, on my back, and lying against a part of the broken truss, with my head and part of my left side pressed against it, while the limbs of others, who were on the other side of the timber, were caught under it and held firmly there, the foot and ankle of one person protruding through so as to hold my left foot firmly down. My head lay to the south, the timber on my left, with the crushed table pressing me tightly against the timber.

Some men were soon over us, one stamped through the lath and plastering at my right, (we were between the floor on which we had been standing, and the ceiling and timbers that had broken away from above and followed us down,) letting the plaster and lath into my face. He soon helped out a lady from the opposite side of the table. We now had some air, and I saw a man with a lighted paper in his hand.

Gathering strength, I crowded away the fragment of the table, so as to have some room for my head and arms. I pulled off pieces of lath and passed them to my right. As others were taken out, the upper part of my body became free, so that I tried to help a woman who was within reach. Her clothing and lower limbs were under the timbers. She was taken out before I was, and fainted on reaching the kitchen floor. I had done what I could to release her, and she helped me to get the broken table and lath from my head and face. About this time a person near my right

was assisted up between the timbers, who stood, full weight, upon the lower part of my body, which I thought would kill me if everything else failed.

Soon after I was released, and assisted up between the timbers, and then clambered without further aid to the kitchen floor, and after helping several ladies out of the window, on a ladder, I passed out, down the ladder upon the roof of a house, and down through the house into the street. No one recognized me until I spoke, as I was pale from suffering, and covered with lime. I soon found my wife unharmed.

A gentleman, seeing I was hurt, kindly put us into a carriage and sent us home. After receiving proper medical care, being packed in a wet sheet, &c., I retired for the night, and morning found me in better condition than we expected, but I am sore through the chest and bowels, with several scratches, cuts and bruises, and with some cough.

Although we were but a few seconds in passing down through the hopper, it seemed to me as many moments, and the distance passed, although but fifteen feet, appeared double that distance. I expected instant death; yet, my presence of mind was equal to the occasion. I thought of wife and friends, of what I had said within a few days, viz: that I was as ready as I ever could hope to be to die. I had no desire to die, nor have I ever had, but this going through a hopper with bricks, mortar, timber, furniture, crockery and hundreds of men, women and children, and perhaps to be burned to death by slow lingering torture, was anything but agreeable. The poet who wrote

"How beautiful and lovely is death,"

I have always regarded as a fool, knave or madman, and the sentiment a prettily painted lie. Death is always hideous; never beautiful nor lovely. But there is something "beautiful and lovely" in the grace of Christ that can and does enable its possessor to triumph over this great "last ending" of the Christian. The moral lesson I hoped myself and others would receive from this terrible destruction of human life, was that of humanity; less vanity and show and more of the real and abiding; less for pleasure and more for utility; more of the spirit of heaven and less of the spirit of this world.

STATEMENT OF JOHN T. JENKINS.

I entered the church about nine o'clock ; met Dr. Wainwright in the lower hall, and after a pleasant interchange of words, we ascended the stairs and entered the parlors together. After considerable difficulty, owing to the large crowd present, we succeeded in reaching the table presided over by Mrs. Wainwright, situated in the north-west corner of the room, where we met with a cordial reception. In surveying the large gathering present, I was particularly impressed with the happy feeling manifested. Each person seemed to vie with the other in making the occasion pleasant and home-like. While standing, a pretty little Miss approached me offering button boquets ; she selected one, and after attaching it to my coat, I handed her a piece of money, she not having the change, went in search of it ; after being away some considerable time, she came back, bringing a beautiful white flower placed on a geranium leaf, remarking : "As you waited so long and trusted me, a stranger, I have brought you this. Isn't it beautiful ?" Poor child, I saw her a week later with her head bandaged up, and thought of my button bouquet. She recognized me with my crutches, and gave a sweet smile, which made me happy.

But to return ; I took my seat at the table of Mrs. Ballou, immediately adjoining that of Mrs. Wainwright, and facing the wall. There were present, Caius A. Weaver, Esq., and wife, with another lady whom I did not recognize. I had ordered strawberry short-cake and cream, and had just taken one or two spoonfuls, when I felt the floor gradually sinking beneath me. I seemed to comprehend the situation at once, but before I could rise from my seat, I was carried down, falling over my chair backwards, with the table and contents, together with two ladies falling upon me. For a moment, all was silent and still as the grave. Then came the cry of distress. The piercing shrieks of the wounded, pleading for help ; cries, sobs and groans, intermingled with prayers for mercy. Children calling for parents, and parents for children. I also heard cheering words from stout hearts. At first I imagined, as section after section of plastering fell, that the roof had fallen, but in a few moments felt assured this was not so. Then came a cry of fire, and the terrible thought crept over me,

must I be burned alive ! The air became very oppressive, and I could hardly breathe ; my breath seemed to grow fainter, and believing fully that my hour had come, I prepared to meet my fate cheerfully and with humble resignation, trusting in that Arm which has been my stay so long, and which has never failed. Lying upon my back, with my lower limbs held as in a vice, by a heavy beam resting upon them, I could do but little, but in what seemed to be my death struggles, I exerted all my strength, and throwing up my arm succeeded in getting air, which revived me. Underneath me lay a woman, face downward ; I could, I imagined, hear her, as fainter and fainter she breathed, until the spirit took its flight and all was over. The thought was terrible ! I was keeping her down, and yet unable to render any assistance.

Immediately over my head stood a heavy beam, poised, it seemed as if the slightest touch would dislodge it and it would fall upon my head. But as friends came to our rescue, and with strong arms removed piece after piece of the timbers, hope began to revive ; and when the heavy beam resting upon my limbs was lifted, and I was borne by strong arms to a place of safety, I cried out in the fullness of my heart : " Help me to sing the Doxology ! "

During my imprisonment, which lasted from twenty to thirty minutes, I retained my mental faculties, realizing full well my condition, and although expecting death every moment, I felt a cheerful resignation to the will of my Heavenly Father, confident of a welcome to my beautiful home above. I regard my escape, under the circumstances, as miraculous ; and desiring to express the gratitude of my heart to God for his mercy, I would say : " Lord, here am I, make me an efficient worker in thy vineyard. "

STATEMENT OF REV. GEO. THOS. DOWLING.

Just before the fatal accident at my church, my wife and myself had seated ourselves at a table in the north-east corner of the room. Mr. Colebrook was by my wife's side and had made some laughing remark about being favored with the company of his pastor's wife. I was just replying that I hoped he appreciated it when the floor began to descend. Amid the terrible crashing and the fast coming darkness, I sunk down, down into a fearful vortex. I

afterwards learned that Mr. Colebrook and my wife were so entangled in the carpet that they did not sink with the rest. The time occupied in descending seemed so long that I thought the lower floor had also given away. During those fearful moments I had no thought of ever being saved; death seemed to be the certain portion of all who were in that devoted house. At last, finding that we had ceased sinking and that I was uninjured, I began to look about for means of escape. I had fallen in a sitting posture and thought I was resting on one of the joists; but knew, subsequently, that I was mistaken. Seeing a window, I clambered towards it, and escaped from the wreck into the back yard. Although agonized beyond description at the possible fate of my wife, I was impelled by the fear of fire to rush with my utmost speed to the engine house. This I reached, and having called the police also, I returned to my suffering people.

I was refused admittance to the building, although I told the guard who I was. Words fail me with which to portray the horrible anxiety I endured as I moved from point to point seeking for intelligence of my dear wife. During these fearful moments, Dr. Benedict was to me a support and comfort. He accompanied me, and by his cheering and encouraging words and acts of kindness won my lasting regard.

Full of awfulness were the moments that I passed—each longer than the last. I feared to look upon those brought forth from the ruins, lest *her* form should meet my view. After ten minutes, which in truth seemed as many hours, I heard the voice of my wife asking in agonized accents for tidings relative to my safety. Oh, that moment! Many, many happy hours have brightened my life, but never one so complete, so perfect in its joy, as that in which I fully realized that my wife was saved to her little ones and to me. She, too, was unhurt, although terribly prostrated by the fearful scene which had passed before her.

Dr. Benedict kindly took us to his home, ministered to our needs, and, after a few moments rest, procured a carriage and accompanied us to our home.

I left my wife with our little ones

I went out into the still night and visited such of the stricken ones as I could reach.

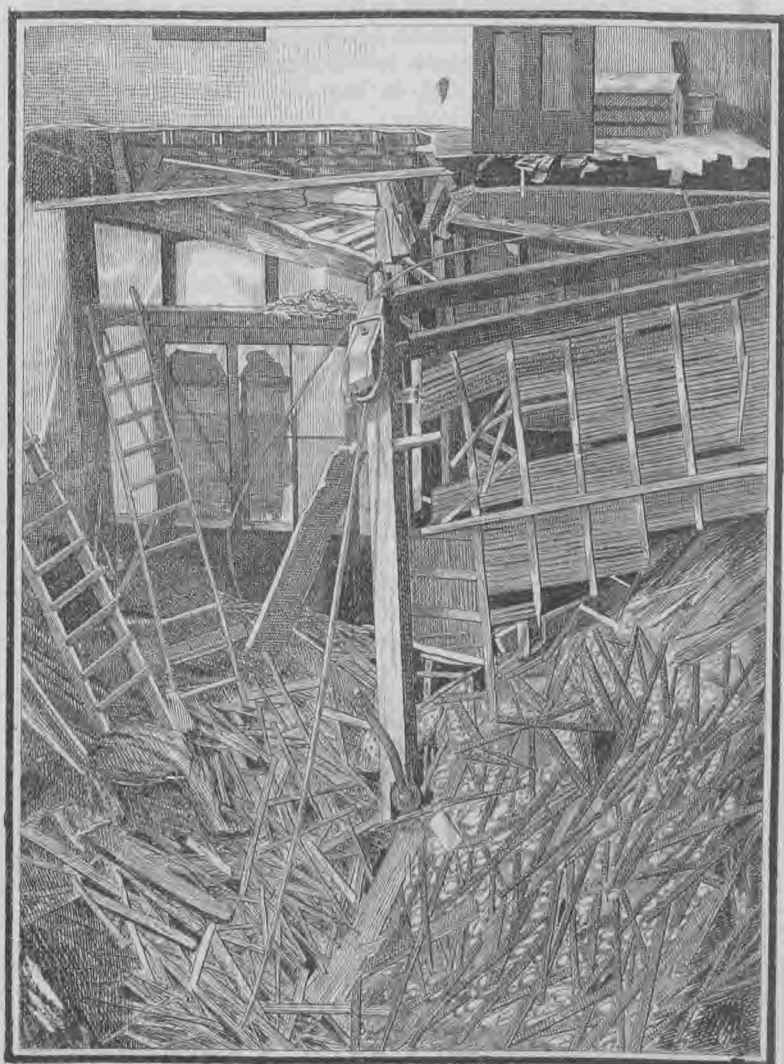


Photo. by Perrier.

Syracuse Lith. Co.

VIEW OF RUINS IN THE NORTH END OF ROOM.

STATEMENT OF GARDNER B. WEEKS.

I arrived at the church at 8:15 P. M. with my family, and was surprised and gratified to find a very large number already there. The main parlor was really uncomfortably crowded; all present seemed to be enjoying themselves exceedingly well.

For nearly an hour I mixed with the crowd, passing through the entire room. After leaving the table (where, so soon after, Mrs. E. A. Barnes was killed, and her husband and others injured,) my party stood for a few moments under the central light, where I left my ladies talking with Miss Grace E. Holmes, while I passed to the north-east corner of the room, near the stairway leading down. While here, Dr. Wainwright came up to me, and, shaking hands, inquired where he would find his wife. I pointed her out to him, and he went towards the north-west corner to the table under her charge, while I made my way across to the south-west corner, where the flower table stood. Leaving this table, I leaned against the south wall between the window in the main room looking south, and the double doors leading into the small parlor, these doors being open. I was at a point exactly under where the south end of the truss above rested on the main wall.

I was standing here for perhaps three minutes, silent, (as no one was very near to me) looking out upon the happy, joyous company.

Suddenly, without any crackling or premonition of any kind, I began to be pelted with something heavy and sharp falling upon my head, face and shoulders. At the same instant, I noticed the entire ceiling coming down; felt myself going down with the floor, saw that the lights were getting dim and going out, and knew just what had happened. I remember to have put my right hand over my head for protection,—to have turned my face towards the south wall, to have thought,—“Well, has death indeed come here, and now?” Then, as if by intuition, I saw that the floor of the small parlor was not yet falling, and springing, I landed safely on it before the falling ceiling and timbers struck me.

It is my opinion that not more than three to five seconds of time elapsed from the first intimation that I heard and saw of the accident before it was all over.

While I was being pelted and wounded with the heavy, sharp plaster and sticks, and expecting that something was coming heavy enough to crush me ; and with the sickening, dreadful feeling that the floor on which I stood was swaying and falling, there passed through my mind, as in the twinkling of an eye, some such review of life as drowning men, rescued, tell us of.

For a moment after the crash, all was deathly still, as though each one was solving the question whether dead or living, whether injured or not,—and then there arose cries for help, and cries of agony, not loud and heart-rending, but such as to pull at one's heart-strings and impress one's memory.

To my inexpressible delight, I found in the small parlor, my wife and niece, who had but just stepped over the threshold and turned around, as the crash came. We could not tell but that our floor would fall,—we could not tell but that the main walls would come crashing down, and so we sought the stairway. This was packed with those who were already escaping, and we knew it to be useless and dangerous to attempt to go down. So we stood near the south-west window of the small parlor, intending to cling to that window if the floor went down. While there we could see many escaping through the windows of the lower story, and many more were finding their way out of the upper hall door which lead into the main parlor, having climbed up the inclined plane formed by the section of the floor,—and aided in their escape by the carpet, to which they could cling. I noticed that Mr. B. F. Stevens was bracing his shoulders against a section of the ceiling which had partly fallen, and was thus helping many out.

After about three to five minutes we found a chance to descend the stairway and get outside the building. By this time hundreds had gathered at the scene. I was too severely injured myself to be of any service in rescuing others, and therefore went directly home.

STATEMENT OF A. C. SPENCER.

Myself, wife, two children and hired girl were in the room. I was on the west side of the main room, near the north-west window, and only a few feet from the suspension rod that pierced the truss where it broke. Felt the floor

give way ;—gave a spring and caught by my hands on the window sill. For a moment the busy hum of many voices was instantly hushed to the silence of death ; and then such a wail of woe and sorrow went up from that fearful abyss as I shall never forget. I remained in that position but a moment, but long enough to comprehend the situation. My first thought was that the building would take fire from the kitchen stove, as I had the impression that that part of the room had gone down also. I must have been carried down from my position by the timbers from above sliding down the wall to underneath a portion of the floor which had parted from the wall, and remained suspended about half way down. I found myself standing on my feet in the recess of the window in the room below. My first act was to break out the sash, which I did with my hands and feet, and call for help, which came immediately to that part of the building from the outside. The portion of floor that remained suspended, enabled us to get underneath it to the base of the V shaped funnel where the people were pinioned by the falling timbers. Many were rescued through this aperture. The scenes I witnessed there are engraven upon my memory, and often in my sleep I again go over the scenes of that awful night.

We worked on in the dark—it seemed many minutes, only recognizing persons by their voices. When lanterns were brought, the first persons I recognized were Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Crow and Dr. Wainwright, while several were calling me by name, imploring help to save them. Mrs. Eaton was saved by being pulled out of her skirts—it being necessary to tear them off before she could be extricated. Mrs. Crow was fastened by a timber lying across her chest, her neck resting upon the iron rod almost directly over Mrs. Eaton ; in such a manner it was impossible to save her without the aid of a jack screw. The settling of the timbers which lay across her was pressing the breath from her body. She was able to converse for some time. Dr. Wainwright was lying with his face down—the timbers across his back. I raised his head up, but he was dead. Mr. Austen also was taken out at this point. Mrs. Karr implored me to remove the stick off her. A few feet to the north of me some men were endeavoring to rescue a lady from under the same timbers, which proved to be my wife. I recognized her, and assisted them in lifting her out

of the window. She told me she did not think she was much hurt, and that the children were under there. I resumed my search for the children. Some ten feet from where Mrs. S. was taken out, after removing a quantity of rubbish, I found my little Fannie (four years old) clasped in the arms of our nurse girl, almost unconscious from suffocation; but, on being taken into the open air, soon revived. My little boy, Louie, (nine years old,) thinks he got out himself, as we found him at home, his clothes bloody, but unharmed.

I have not the ability to describe my feelings while there. I had no concern for my own safety. It seemed that I had the strength given me of several men, as large timbers, which would now be almost impossible for me to lift, were moved as if they had been small sticks.

God grant that I may never again witness such a scene as that of the 23d of June, 1874.

STATEMENT OF MRS. A. C. SPENCER.

Attended the Festival on the evening of June 23d. Had been in the parlor about half an hour; my husband, two children, and servant girl were there. I had just left my little Fannie, aged four years, with my girl, and had reached the center of the room when the accident occurred. Stood directly under the chandelier;—first felt a sensation of dizziness,—supposed I was going to faint; at this moment my eyes rested upon Rev. H. J. Eddy, who stood only a few feet from me. Noticed a vibrating motion of all about me, as though we were on the water; wish I could describe to you the expression of mingled *fear* and *surprise* that rested upon Rev. Mr. Eddy's face; think we all turned pale in that awful moment, as it flashed upon us that we were going down.

I closed my eyes,—did not attempt self-preservation, or catch at anything. Did not hear any noise, or realize anything save sinking down,—*down!* I was fully conscious, but the mingled prayers and cries of the suffering, seemed to drown the noise of the falling timbers about us. I went down upon my back, head very low, feet elevated, one limb was partially doubled under me; was covered to my waist with people. I suffered much bodily, and at first mentally, when I thought of my dear children and

husband ; but following this, after commending them to the care of "HIM who doeth all things well," I realized in its fullness the preciousness of dying grace. THIS experience has removed all fear of death, and I would not forget the joy I derive from it. I felt that there was no possibility of release from this terrible death, but was perfectly resigned and peaceful at its approach ; prayed for suffocation, and soon lost my consciousness, the air was so foul with gas and plaster. While under the *debris* I clasped the hands of those about me, and inquired their names, but all were strangers, and I have no recollection of any names now.

I could tell many things in regard to my own sensations while there, and of the remarks of others, but will not elaborate. Think I must have been unconscious for fifteen minutes, as many very near me were removed before I was aware of it. As the lights flashed upon me, I thought of fire,—opened my eyes, and saw men with lanterns, but made no effort to extricate myself, nor even speak ; why, I cannot tell. When found, lay just north of the pulpit desk, in the lower room, a part of the truss resting against the pulpit just above my head,—a portion of the floor inclined within two inches of my face. I made some effort at this time to pull up by the truss beam, but could not move ; at this moment I was discovered, as they removed rubbish above me, by my husband, and was soon rescued.

I did not know who assisted me, but as I was carried to the window, and placed in the arms of my husband, I recognized him, and he said : "Where are the children ?" I was taken by some one into Mrs. Smith's, inquired their name, but cannot now recall it,—wish that I might. Suffered much from nervous prostration, and with my head and back for two weeks. I think the shock to the nervous system is such that I will never fully recover from it.

My little Fannie was found in the arms of my girl, and when her father took her, she was so nearly suffocated that he feared she would die, but she soon rallied. In conversation with a little girl a few days after the accident, she said, "Libbie, you know baby went down with the meeting ; want to know what baby thought, well, baby thought she was going to heaven to live with *God!*" Excuse this digression, but it was so simple, and yet *so* beautiful, that I felt you would pardon a mother's mention of it. My little

boy, Louie, (aged nine years) was near Mr. Austen, in the lower room. He was alarmed by plaster falling upon his head, and says he looked up and saw the floor coming down with the people, and then he got out upon the street; others tell us he was taken out; his clothes were blood-stained, and we only have his statement as to how he escaped.

My husband was the first to break through a window, and render assistance, and without doubt, by his presence of mind, saved many lives. He was taken home, and his joy was unbounded as he found his dear ones *all* safe. He supposed our little boy was still under the ruins.

Thankful to a kind Providence for rescuing us from such a death, we more than ever realize the significance of the words: "There is but a step between us and death."

STATEMENT OF DENNIS M. KENNEDY.

Myself, wife and little girl (eight years old) were in the church parlors on the evening of June 23d. At the time the accident occurred we were all standing together on the east side of the room, near the door which leads down into the church pulpit. If we had had the least warning we might have escaped through this door. I think it was not two seconds from the time the floor started until we were landed in the ruins below. Then all was dark and silent as the grave, for perhaps a second, when the shrieks of the dying, groans and prayers of the injured, made the situation too horrible to describe. From where we stood we could see all parts of the room. I felt the floor giving away under me, and, looking up, I could see the joists, truss, beams and plastering falling, and people in front of us plunging below. Seeing no way of escape, I made up my mind that myself, wife and child must die then and there; but finding we were all unharmed in the fall, we, after considerable difficulty, ascended the inclined floor. I passed my wife and daughter out into the second story hall, and then went back and assisted several others to get out.

STATEMENT OF O. P. CURRY.

Was standing near the middle of the room when I felt a sudden movement downward and forward. There was

a confused sound and a sense of danger as I continued to go forward, until nearly horizontal, then I plunged into darkness. The time occupied in sinking was from five to ten seconds, but it seemed to be fully fifteen minutes. After the sinking, there was an awful stillness; then groans and shrieks, and cries of pain and fright. I found myself on my back under the rod which lay highest at the east,—the side of the lemonade table forming a covering over me. My head was exposed and covered with plastering. A little child said, "Who are you?" I gave my name, and asked her if she was hurt; she replied that she was not—that she was right under the table. She then asked to take hold of my hand, which request I gladly granted. I tried to assure her, by telling her to keep quiet, and some one would relieve us. She was anxious to know if I was hurt; I told her no, but I feared my leg would be broken.

The feeling of terrible danger had yielded to a feeling of safety. I supposed I was not hurt, and so calmly awaited relief. A person on my left hand made no reply when I asked if they were hurt. In a few moments I saw a dim light; the little child to whom I had been talking got out. I found afterward her name was Loretta Peterson. I made an effort to release myself, and succeeding rose to my feet and found that the end of the long joist was just above my head. I assisted several ladies up through the opening. Some one said, "The brick wall may fall; you had better get out." I passed out through the north-west window, assisted by Mr. E. H. Hewitt; went down the lane to the front of the building; asked M. C. Palmer where my children were, and was rejoiced when he told me they were safe. My limbs began to swell so rapidly that I was unable to walk; was helped across the street to the residence of Mr. D. Hotchkiss; received kind attention; found that no bones were broken; was put into a carriage and sent home, where I found my children safe.

My daughter, Grace, had run all the way home holding a hair brush tightly in her hand.

STATEMENT OF C. R. FAY.

I was conversing with Mr. Austen and family at the time the terrible crash took place. I had accompanied Mr. Austen to the festival about 8 o'clock, where his wife and

daughter had preceded us. After participating in the pleasures of the festival room for a short time, we adjourned to the lower floor for cooler quarters, as the room with so many people was very warm indeed. Here, in the "chapel room," which is used for Sunday School purposes, immediately under the happy, joyous crowd, we concluded to remain till the opening of the doors of the church, or main building, where the "Young Old Folks" concert was to take place. There was not to exceed ten persons in all the room below. Had there been more, the number of killed would surely have been much greater, as they could not possibly have escaped. The first intimation we had of the falling floor was a crashing, thundering noise, and a giving way of something overhead. Mr. Austen was standing at the time, while the rest of us were seated. Looking, he suddenly exclaimed, "What's that?" In another instant the floor, with all its load of excited human freight, was upon us. I was knocked down and completely covered with lath and plaster, but fortunately no heavy timbers struck me. Almost suffocated with lime and escaping gas, as soon as I could I gathered myself up and looked around me for the rest of the social group, but was unable to see them longer, as the lights had suddenly gone out, and a portion of the wrecked floor had lodged between us. Were it not for a row of chairs in the room, which served to break the fall a little and hold up for a short time the section of the floor I was under, I should have been crushed. The groans and piteous cries of the poor struggling people, who were wedged in in every conceivable manner, was enough to turn one distracted. No words of mine can depict the scene, so I will not attempt it. Thinking that the walls of the building might be tumbling in next, or fire might have taken, I worked my way as soon as possible towards the door. After shaking myself and getting a breath of fresh air, I rushed around to the west side of the building, and climbed up on to the side of the window about opposite where we were, and which I found already broken in. The fire department had now got inside with their lanterns. It was some time before any system of order could be arrived at, as all was confusion. But few of the badly wounded or dead were taken out until the firemen came. Jack screws had to be got from the Binghamton depot, some considerable distance away, before many could be relieved. A very

large crowd of anxious and excited people had now gathered about the church, and policemen had to be stationed about the place to preserve order and prevent them from going inside. As the wounded, dead and dying were brought out, private dwellings and doctors' offices near by were at once converted into hospitals, into which they were taken.

Thinking my friends might possibly have been taken out, and had escaped my notice, I made thorough search in the different houses, but was unable to find them. The sights I beheld there was sickening, and would have moved the worst heart of stone to pity. Coming out again on the street, and forcing my way through the swaying crowd that centered at the chapel door, I heard the cry of "Clear the way, here's another;" and at that instant saw two strong men bearing some one in their arms. Rushing up to them frantically, I noticed at once it was a woman, with her dress partially torn from her, and recognized her to be Miss Austen. I had her taken immediately to the nearest house and cared for, then went away again in search of her father and mother, but no trace of them could I get till I was told the last person was taken from the building, when I hastened to the undertakers, where, in one of those "dead establishments" in Salina street, a few doors below our gallery, I found laying with a number of others who had shared the same fate, my much esteemed friend, and head of our establishment, Mr. John Austen, cold in the embrace of death. He was one of the last taken from the wreck, and must have been instantly killed, as when found he lay beneath a heavy timber, and his neck was broken.

It was now midnight, and as I could get no word of Mrs. Austen yet, I began to despair of finding her at all till the ruins were more thoroughly searched in the morning, as I believed her still there.

Miss Austen was taken home as soon as a conveyance could be procured, and made as comfortable as possible. Her wounds, though severe, were nothing to the terrible anxiety and suspense she was in about her father and mother. It was near morning when I broke the sad news to her of her father's death. Soon after a gentleman came to the house to inform us that Mrs. Austen was at his place, and alive, though badly injured and unable to be moved. Morning dawned, but never on a sadder house-

hold, for they were the worst afflicted family of the whole disaster. We managed to get Mrs. Austen home the next day. She was severely bruised in a number of places on the body, but suffers no internal injury that we know of yet. Her daughter, Miss Lizzie, was badly injured about the thigh. A heavy beam held her pinned to the floor for over half an hour, and it was not until a jack-screw could be brought into use that she could be extricated.

STATEMENT OF E. AUSTIN BARNES.

I was sitting with my wife at the end of a table on the west side of the room facing the east, between the iron rods that supported the floor from the truss. I was waiting to pay for the refreshments I had ordered, when without a moment's warning, I felt myself descending at what seemed to be an angle of about forty-five degrees. In an instant, I comprehended the situation and wondered at the distance to the floor below being so far. The table preceded us, and when we struck, I found myself sitting in a chair, with something pressing against the back, which held me firmly against the table, my arms and limbs held as in a vise. I was pressed across the hips and lower limbs in such a manner as to render me perfectly helpless. I could move my head and shoulders, but could scarcely breathe from the pressure. The floor had parted near where we were sitting, about one-third across the room from the west side. We were thrown under the eastern portion of the floor, which formed a roof over us, thereby preventing the plastering from the ceiling falling upon us. In an instant all was silent as the grave, and I wondered if I was the only person in the ruins alive. I was certain I could not live five minutes, but I desired to hear a voice once more. The silence was broken by a groan, then the sound of many voices was heard,—talking, screaming, praying. My first thoughts were for the little ones, of whom an unusually large number were present. I did not know that many had just left the room, and believed them in the ruins. I tried to utter a prayer to God for their protection, when I found I could not speak. I thought my wife and boy were safe; why, I cannot tell, exposed as they were to the same danger.

Near me was a little girl who was constantly calling for her mother, I could not see her, so dark was it. I thought

as I heard her exclaiming, "Oh, I shall die. What will my poor mother do when I am dead. It will kill her, &c," that I would willingly go if I could save her. I exerted all the power I had to speak to her,—at last succeeded, and told her they were trying to save her, to keep just as quiet as she could; they would soon be there to take her out. It seems that this was the first she knew there was any one near her. She immediately ceased calling for her mother, laying her tiny hand upon my forehead, exclaiming "I will help you, mister; I will do all I can for you,—I will pray for you." I asked her who she was; she replied, "I am Mrs. Phillips' little girl." A few moments after she was taken out, and I heard her no more.

At length, through the openings made by the removal of timbers, a light shone for an instant, but long enough for me to see something of my situation and surroundings. My wife was sitting near me, so near, had my arm been free, I could have placed it around her,—apparently uninjured. I tried to speak to her, but could not. The fear that she would not answer may have been the cause. Behind her, with head resting on the back of her chair, was Dr. Wainwright—*dead*. On the floor was a man whom I recognized trying to break the legs of the table, as he expressed it, in order to release me. I told him there was a heavy timber resting on the table, and it might come down and kill others whom we could not see, therefore I begged of him to desist. I next saw Mr. John McCarthy, the undertaker, who had jumped down through an open space to the floor below. The light from his lantern shone in upon me. I called to him, and told him if they could remove the timbers back of me, it would release several who were unable to help themselves. He disappeared, and in a few moments I felt the pressure giving away. In a moment I was free, but so paralyzed that I was helpless. I saw Wainwright fall over on the floor, my wife falling partially over him. In a moment they were taken away. I was next drawn out from the *debris*.

I told my deliverer I could help myself, there were others who needed assistance, and to help them. I was placed upon my feet, but found I could not stand or help myself. Assistance was called, I was carried to the window, received by parties outside, and taken to the office of Dr. Dallas. I then found my arm was broken. There were

several in the room who seemed to be badly injured. As I thought myself slightly so, I refused assistance until they were cared for. I remained nearly an hour when my arm was attended to and I taken to my residence. My boy followed me to the office, from whom I learned that he was not injured, that he was thrown under the table where we were sitting, groped his way through the darkness and was out of the building within five minutes after the crash. I could learn nothing of the fate of my wife until she was brought home dead. I lay upon my bed six days helpless, where with the best of care and the help of Divine Providence, I began rapidly to recover. My watch stopped at twenty minutes past nine. It was ten minutes of ten when I was taken to the Doctor's office. I must have been in the ruins at least a half hour, during which time I comprehended what was transpiring around me. Heard men at work near and above me, and knew they were steadily approaching where I was. Had no fear of death. Thought I could not hold out until I was reached; had no idea of being taken out alive.

STATEMENT OF J. W. PAGE.

When the fated moment arrived, I was standing nearly, or quite ten feet from the north side of the building, directly in the centre of the room. There was no time for any warning, and the only impression that I can recall to my mind was the thought that the house and myself must go, and I desired one more prayer within its walls. Immediately I found myself on the landing below, completely doubled, with timbers on either side of me, and overhead a quantity of *debris* that entirely shut out the view. It was with great effort that I succeeded in obtaining breath, and I felt confident that unless relief was near I must suffocate. Just for a single moment after landing a death-like silence prevailed; but very soon the groans of those that were dying and injured were distinctly heard, and I can assure you were heart-rending in the extreme. I seemed then for the first time to comprehend the situation. I discovered that my right arm was clear, and I made an effort to get an opening above. I think it was fully fifteen minutes from the time of falling before I extricated myself from the ruins, and coatless and hatless, with all the effort that was

possible for me to command, I assisted in releasing others from the wreck. I sustained a painful injury to my hip, and also flesh wounds about my person that were not serious.

STATEMENT OF MRS. W. E. ELMER.

My husband and little boy, George, (aged five years,) were in the parlor at the time of the accident. I was near the center of the room, and was just going to shake hands with a friend, as I felt a sinking under my feet. This was the first warning I had; the next I knew I was on my side going down head first. How long I was in there I do not know, or who helped me out. My injuries were a sprained ankle and bruises about the head. My husband and child were in another part of the room, and escaped with slight bruises.

STATEMENT OF MRS. MARY HORTON.

I was near the centre of the parlor, and my daughter, Lula, who had been with me but a few moments, was just behind me. The first warning I had was a sinking under my feet; the next I knew I was on my back going down. I landed in as comfortable a position as I could expect to under the circumstances. My head and neck had nothing to rest on. A gentleman kindly put something under my head; I do not know who it was, but I here return him my sincere thanks for his kindness. My left hand was fast under timbers, and my right limb also. When the lights were brought in, I turned over as well as I could to see where my little girl was. I found her lying just beneath me on her left side. I spoke to her, but she neither answered, breathed or moved. She was killed instantly, for there was a bad bruise on her left temple. It would be useless to try to describe my feelings when I found that I was lying on her side. It seemed to me that I was crushing the life out of her; but I could not stir. When it came my turn to be taken out, there were two pieces of timber which had to be sawed apart; then I was carried to the window and taken into the street; my little girl was then brought to me. How long I was in there, or who took me out, I cannot say.

STATEMENT OF MRS. DR. I. H. SEARLE.

In compliance with your request, I write a short description of my fate in the church disaster. Was at the Central Baptist Church on the evening of June 23d; was in the south-east part of the room, sitting at a table; heard the crash, and, without a moment's warning, went down the inclined plain; was entirely covered with the *debris* from above. For a time supposed there was no possible means of escape; could scarcely breathe; at last I thought I saw a dim light and a small opening, and after great effort succeeded in extricating myself from the rubbish, and reached the upper portion of the floor and was taken out at the upper door; was not injured, except bruised.

STATEMENT OF MRS. JOHN W. SHERMAN.

Mr. Sherman, myself and little girl, three years old, went to the festival at 9 o'clock; had not been there but twenty minutes when the accident occurred. I had just left Mr. Sherman to go to the plant table as I heard the crash and felt we were going down; it seemed to me after the crash, we had settled a little then stopped a second, then went down; as the plastering and timbers began to fall, some one near me said, "The roof has fallen in!" My first impression after that was, we would never get out alive, and then came that smothered, suffocated feeling; it seemed as if I could not get my breath—could not speak from the shock and suffocation, until they had taken the plastering and timbers off me. Bodies were on my limbs and each side of me; felt something heavy strike my shoulders and side; the cord of my right hand was cut and bone broken; my right side was also hurt severely; have not recovered from the shock yet. I do not know exactly what position I was in, as it was total darkness; was in the *debris* nearly half an hour; Mr. Warne helped me out; Mr. Alva Palmer and Mr. Sherman took me through the window. I was not reported hurt, for I did not realize it myself until I came home; cannot be too thankful as my life and family were spared. Mr. Sherman was standing near the folding door with our little girl in his arms; they went down together; he was lying on his left side at full length; a large timber just escaped him; he worked with his feet and succeeded in getting the *debris*

off him ; he got up with Maggie in his arms, broke one of the windows in the folding doors, and was the second one out of the door. He and Maggie did not have even a scratch. As the plastering fell, she said, "Oh ! papa, papa !" and did not speak again until he took her into the hall, when she said, "Where is mamma ? I want mamma !" She feels the shock now, and is very much frightened at any little noise.

STATEMENT OF CORA M. BABCOCK.

I was seated at a refreshment table in the north-west corner of the room, and waiting for a spoon. The first intimation I had was a gradual sinking of the floor. I remembered nothing more until I found myself in a sitting position below, my hands free, but my body firmly wedged in among the timbers. I think I must have fainted while going down. The plaster dust was so thick that I found it difficult to breathe ; after awhile two gentlemen took me out, and helped me through a window. I was very lame and much bruised. While in the ruins, I saw many that were injured, and the cries of the sufferers that night rang in my ears for weeks afterwards.

STATEMENT OF DAVID HALL, OF MOTTVILLE.

Being in Syracuse on the 23d of June, I attended the Festival held in the parlor of the Central Baptist Church. I entered the room at about half-past eight o'clock and found it densely crowded. After partaking of the good things provided for the occasion, I passed towards the west side of the parlor and stood for a few moments, about fifteen feet from the west side, and about the same distance from the south end, my position being near the flower stand, in the south-west corner of the room.

I had occupied this position but a few moments, when instantaneously, without warning or premonition of danger, I felt the floor *slowly*, but certainly sinking. I am aware that the time occupied in the fall of the floor was almost imperceptible, and yet I am sure it could not have been a *dead fall*, for I experienced no *shock*, and even when the ceiling over the parlor fell, enveloping with its timbers and plastering that part of the room where I was, and

enclosing myself and others from the light of the moon and stars, I was absolutely unhurt. The fall of the floor and ceiling must have been gradual, and I must have been forced into the space I occupied by a moderate, yet resistless force, or I could not have escaped fearful injury.

I have no language to express the thoughts compressed into the moment passed in the fall of the floor. Thoughts of wife, children, and friends, flashed into my mind; where I should land,—what position I should occupy,—what would fall upon me,—should I meet with death outright, or be subjected to more or less mutilation? These and kindred thoughts flitted, like shadows, in their rapidity, and yet like realities in their distinctness.

It was a moment of horror, and was followed by an instantaneous thankfulness that I was uninjured; but it was succeeded by one, two, or three,—I know not how many minutes of terror, which I hope never to pass through again. There was a gradual *sinking* and *settling* of the timbers and *debris* above me. I was forced from a position of comparative ease into one of considerable pain. The question whether this mass of matter would continue to settle until myself and others by whom I was surrounded, should be crushed out of all semblance of humanity, became a question of supreme interest. Thanks be to our Heavenly Father, we were spared from a horrible death. I say we, for I was in the midst of a struggling mass of men and women, many of them, doubtless suffering far more than myself. But all were patient, and many were hopeful, and even cheerful. I shall never forget the words of sympathy for myself, expressed by a lady who was just south of my position, and who was caused great distress by the lower portion of a chair, the back of which held my right limb in a position of great pain.

The silence of the grave which accompanied the fall of the floor, and lasted for a moment after, was broken by outcries and ejaculations from the perishing, wounded and suffering, but I dare not dwell upon this part of the scene.

I turn to other incidents which give us increased faith in our fellow men. In an incredibly short space of time our hearts were cheered by the voices of men who, disregarding all danger to themselves, sprung to our assistance. I cannot say whether the efforts of the rescuers were in all respects well directed or not, but this I can say, the body

of men who with brave hearts and strong hands removed that portion of the timbers which were holding myself and many others in such distressing situations, were heroes, and their heroism was enhanced by their expressions of sympathy and encouragement. The lath and plastering were removed, and we soon heard, on this occasion, that useful instrument, the saw, at work about us. The ceiling joists were sawed apart and removed, and we were at liberty, thankful, I trust to God, for our lives, and grateful to the brave men who rescued us. May they in their hour of peril, find as efficient and successful aid as they, on that eventful night, rendered to the victims of this sad catastrophe.

STATEMENT OF MRS. JAMES PATTERSON.

Was in the south-east part of the room at the time the floor went down ; had just started (with a friend) to go to the east side to take a seat upon the sofa. The noise produced by the giving away of timbers, &c., was the first warning I had of what was taking place, and in a moment we were fully aware of our situation. My first impression was that we must all be killed. As the lights went out, my thoughts were—"This is eternity—the last of earth ; am I ready ?"

The groans and cries for help from the injured were heart-rending beyond description. More earnest prayers were never offered than were heard there. As soon as light came, I had hopes of being helped out alive. I was unable to help myself ; lay upon my side, head lowest, and between two joists, with timbers or joists across my ankles. My suffering was such that I had every reason to believe my ankles were broken ; such was not the case, they were only bruised, and in about a week was able to walk about. The joists and timbers had to be cut away before I could be helped out. This was done by Mr. Farrar and another gentleman. I lay next to Mrs. Farrar, and as soon as she was taken out there were willing hands ready to help me. I was unable to walk, and was carried to the front of the church, and from there was taken by carriage to my home. Dr. Marshall went with me, and kindly assisted me into my house.

My anxiety was great—my children who were with me were not found. I begged to stay until I could hear from

them ; but my friends thought differently. Thanks to a kind and merciful God, that after an hour of anxious suspense, they were returned to me unharmed. My daughter, Eurette, and Anna Packard, who were with us, (both ten years of age,) were standing together near the south side of the room, went down, and were taken out unhurt.

My son was in the lecture room below, and hearing the crash ran into the hall and escaped, being the first one out of the building.

I have every reason to be thankful that we were spared, and can never forget those brave men, who, by their heroic efforts, rescued us from that awful and never-to-be-forgotten place.

STATEMENT OF MRS. J. H. WINNE.

My cousin, Miss Ida Wilsey, and myself were nearly in the centre of the room in a jesting conversation with Mr. R. Miller. I had just said, "I will hold the money you have," when we went down. We had no warning save a slight motion. I told Ida to take hold of my hand, and then looked up to see what the matter was, but could neither see—nor hardly breathe. I fell on my knees, and so remained until I was taken out as one dead,—for I had fainted. I was hurt in my side, and badly bruised from knees to waist. In the terrible moments, ere I lost consciousness, I thought, "O ! if my beloved family were with me I could die willingly—if it was the Lord's will." I was not scared. I thought that an earthquake had visited us, and that not only our church but the whole city would be destroyed. I learned after the accident that Riley Miller assisted in getting me out of the awful pit.

STATEMENT OF MRS. CHARLOTTE A. CLARKE.

Was at the Central Baptist Church on the night of the 23d of June, 1874. In connection with another lady I had the coffee and strawberry short-cake table ; was myself cashier of said table, which was situated near the north-west corner of the parlor ; was standing up, with my back towards the centre of the room, and had just spoken with Mr. Dowling, the pastor, who, with his wife, had seated himself at my table ; had no warning. The floor gave way beneath my feet, and simultaneously with the crash, in an

instant, I found myself crushed down on my face and in total darkness. It seemed at first to fall a short distance, and then settled down to the floor below. I felt the plaster and timbers from above fall upon my back and head. I could use my hands freely; knew what had happened; knew that I must be in range of the stove which had a coal fire in, and which was in the kitchen off from the parlor. My first thoughts were—"I have read of such accidents, and we must all die here." I never lost my presence of mind, but gave myself up to die; thought of my daughter, who I supposed was in the ruins, but who, providentially, had that moment gone down the stairs and was in the hall. I supposed the kitchen floor had fallen, and expected every moment we would be on fire. I will say here, that Mr. Garrison was in the kitchen at the time, and threw ice from the freezers of cream into the stove to put out the fire, as he expected the floor to go every instant. A child cried near me for a moment, and then was still. When I found I could move my arms, I broke a place through and dragged myself to an opening, and was then helped out. My left limb and right shoulder were not seriously hurt. No pen nor tongue can describe the terrible agony of a person jammed down in such a position,—suffocating nearly, held down as though nailed fast, expecting each moment the building would be on fire, and the roof in;—but can say I was more astonished to find myself out and safe than to find myself in there.

STATEMENT OF MRS. SCHUYLER SMITH.

I was making my way across the large parlor with my three little children; we were going to the ice cream table, when, with no warning whatever, we were thrown forward and began to go downward, almost head first. I had presence of mind enough to throw my arms around my children, thinking meanwhile, if we had to die, we would go together. Thank God, such was not our fate. In a few moments I turned myself, and saw a small opening, where the light was shining dimly through. I told my little girl to see if she could not climb through by holding on to the laths,—she did so, and found herself in the upper hall; then my two boys followed her, and I, unloosing myself from the mass of plaster and timber joined them. My children were uninjured, but I had quite a severe cut on

the forehead ; think it was made by a blow from a table. I was also considerably bruised, and my back was somewhat strained.

STATEMENT OF VIETTA LONDON.

Was on the east side of the church with little Franc S. Leonard, aged five years, who was killed. We were just eating ice cream when, with no warning whatever, we were piled together in an indiscriminate mass, and as soon as I could think, I called Franc ! Franc ! but received no reply from her. I then tried to move, but was held down by the mass of timbers and broken furniture. My head was held between two beams, and I was in mortal fear that in releasing some one else my head would be crushed, as it was a jagged piece of beam and pressed the left side of my head so closely as to bruise it severely. My shoulder and left ankle were also hurt quite badly. I was released from my terribly painful position after some twenty minutes had passed, and to my great grief I found that little Franc was indeed killed.

STATEMENT OF FRANK O. PALMER.

I was standing very near the centre of the room ; had just stopped walking and was looking around at the throng. All at once I began to notice the glimmering of lights and the dust to fly all about, then came the sound of cracking timber, and I began to descend as easily as could be. I found myself on the floor below in the same position I occupied on the one above. It was quite dark, so that I could only see two or three feet on either side. After looking about, I saw a young man climbing up the side into the parlor ; I followed him and reached a place of safety with no injury, save a slight scratch not worth mentioning. My face and coat were covered with blood, but I do not know where it came from.

N. B.—This young man's sister went down in the wreck, but was only bruised.

STATEMENT OF MRS. BOSS.

Mrs. Boss, with her husband and daughter, (aged four or five years,) were sitting on the east side several feet from the north end. They went down gradually—Mrs. B. going

backward until the chair slipped from under her. Her head caught between the joists and table; her husband being unhurt endeavored to raise the heavy timbers, but failed. He then shrieked—"Help! help! here is a woman getting her head crushed!" A man came with an axe and struck the table legs, which caused her to scream with pain. There was an opening above Mrs. B. through which several were helped; this left space to work around the suffering lady. The shouts of Mr. B. brought several firemen who lifted the beam, thus releasing her. She was then taken up through the opening above into the kitchen, thence down a ladder, thence to the Doctor's office, and thence home. She could not be moved for three days.

STATEMENT OF MARY M'ELROY.

This lady says :—"I had just set some ice cream before Mr. Jenkins, (who was at a table in the extreme north-west end,) and was turned toward the kitchen. I felt a sudden movement, and then plunged into darkness; I was thrown upon my back some ten or twelve feet from where I stood, and was covered with chairs, a table leaf, lime, etc. I was considerably stunned, but had the presence of mind to keep my eyes closed. Mr. Curry took the chairs, etc., off me and assisted me on my feet. When Sarah M. White was pulled up, she fell back partly on my neck, causing me extreme pain. Am badly injured."

STATEMENT OF MRS. CELIA A. GALPIN.

At the time of the accident I was in the north-west part of the room, about ten feet from the wall. Had just drank some lemonade and received a ticket for the concert, and had started for the ante-room when the crash came. I had no warning; all at once it came,—there was one united scream, then all was still as death for an instant,—then came cries, prayers, groans, and supplications for help. I stood erect during the descent until I reached the Sunday school room, then the pressure of the people and timber was so great as to throw me upon my face, where I was held as though in a vise, by a large joist resting across my back. All around me were human beings. We lay unrelieved three-quarters of an hour. I had no hope of being

rescued. I felt as though I were suffocating with dust and intense heat. But at last the noble firemen came to our relief. They had to cut away some timbers before we could be released. I was pulled out by my arms, nearly all my clothing was torn from my body. My husband met me at the door, and together we thanked God for his saving care.

STATEMENT OF A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

Instantly after the disaster the streets were filled with numberless persons, all uttering the same wailing cry,—a cry embodying a horror and woe that no pen can describe. In a few minutes two ladies, Mrs. I. H. Stewart and Mrs. J. H. Blair, rushed in, entirely beside themselves with alarm. They went down with the rest, but, being on the upper side, succeeded in the marvelous manner that hundreds of others did, of escaping without a bruise. One of them clung to the carpet and climbed to a place of safety.

Mrs. Burdick was the first injured person brought to the office. She had a fearful fracture of the thigh, with many minor bruises. Her physical sufferings were augmented by fears for the safety of her son, who, it will be remembered, did not wholly escape.

Rev. Dr. Eddy came next, with haggard look, and torn and soiled clothing,—giving the idea at first that he had experienced more than nervous shocks to the system. He also knew not what was the fate of wife and child, and when, some time later, the former came in unhurt with assurances of the safety of their little girl, the meeting was joyous indeed.

Then the lifeless body of Dr. O. E. Wainwright was borne in, a solemn reminder that the strongest and stoutest may not have an instant's warning of the final summons. Stricken in the full flush of robust manhood, and laid silent in a moment.

The remains of Mrs. E. Austin Barnes came soon after, and remained a long time without identification. Having covered her face from the throng passing backwards and forwards, we watched those who approached her, and were shocked to see a man (a fearful misnomer) seize her gold chain and drag her watch from its place, up underneath her folded hands. Surprised and prevented in his nefarious

attempt, he hastened away. The greater horrors of that fearful night swallowed up and cast into shadow the guilt of this contemptible and heartless creature, or he would have found a fitting recompense for his deeds of darkness.

Dr. Pease's little son had his watch and chain stolen at the same time and place, and most likely by the defeated and disappointed thief.

These were the larger incidents, at this point, on that eventful Tuesday night,—and it is only the most vivid imagination which can fill up the picture, and even approach its awful reality. Pen and tongue alike are powerless.

“And in the shadow of this great
“Affliction, the soul sits dumb.”

LETTER FROM J. E. KARR.

When the news of the Central Baptist Church calamity was broken to me, I was spending the night with my son in Albany, having left my residence in Syracuse the day before on a business trip down the Hudson. Little did I expect the sweet good-bye exchanged with my wife that morning would be our last on earth; but so it proved. My feelings during the day of that fatal night were very unusual and peculiar; a strange depression of spirits got hold of me—a presentment of something, I know not what—so much so, I was almost constrained to return home on the 1:45 P. M. train. It seemed as though I must see my wife, and the impression was so strong that I said to myself, “I must go and see her.” I tried to banish those thoughts from my mind, and started for the train at 4 P. M. to go down the Hudson, when an imploring word from my son to stay dissuaded me, and I returned to his residence for the night, glad of an excuse to remain. At 3 o'clock in the morning the dreadful news was received that my wife was killed by the falling of a church. I took the first train, arriving in Syracuse at 2:30 P. M.

I learned that my wife entered the parlors of the Central Baptist Church in company with Mrs. Olmsted about 9 o'clock. They immediately took a position at a table near the centre of the room. Mrs. Olmsted and my wife went down together, arm in arm, in about fifteen minutes after entering the parlors; a beam resting diagonally across the

breast of my wife, and a beam across the hips of Mrs. Olmsted, firmly binding them in those positions until taken out. They remained so bound from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. I learn from Mrs. Olmsted that my wife retained her senses about fifteen or twenty minutes after going down, and remarked to her: "How good you are to hold my head;" and my wife seeing Mr. Spencer, called on him to remove the timber or she would suffocate. He tried to do so, but his attention was immediately called to look after his own wife, who was in the *debris* near him. My wife is supposed to have been taken out dead. She was taken to a house across the way, and being recognized was finally taken to our residence. There was no mutilation nor any bones broken. Death was undoubtedly caused by suffocation from the pressure of the beam upon the chest and lungs.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon, June 26th, Rev. John S. Bacon officiating,—she being a member of the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Olmsted walked home after being taken out, but was confined to her bed several days from bruises and the severe shock to her nervous system.

The age of Mrs. Karr was 46 years and 17 days.

STATEMENT OF NETTIE M. LINDSAY.

I was in the western part of the building, near the flower stands, talking to two young ladies. I did not hear the crash or anything. The first thing I knew I was going down, and I thought that I would never reach the bottom. I lay on my back when I was down there. I tried to climb up to a window that was near me, but fell back, and that was all I knew until I was pulled out at the window. I know not who it was that helped me, or put me on Mr. Smith's steps. One of my ankle's was injured, but it is all right now. My back was severely injured and I fear that it will always bother me.

STATEMENT OF JOHN MEAD.

Was just going to leave the church; had no warning at all, but was conscious all the time until after being taken out when I fainted. I was injured across the bowels and

hip joint, the centre beam striking me on the left shoulder, knocking me down against a lady who fell under me, and the beam falling across my bowels thus holding us both fast. I do not know who assisted me in getting out, as I was insensible at that time; I learned afterwards they had a jack screw and raised the beam. The gas and dust from the plaster nearly suffocated me—the pain finally rendering me insensible to all around. I was carried to the residence of Mr. Sabey, and was attended by Dr. Dallas.

STATEMENT OF MRS. A. CARPENTER.

On that eventful evening I was standing very near the rod connected with *that truss*. In fact, I think I was standing directly in front of it. My party, consisting of my husband and Miss Minnie E. Thomas, were standing around me. The first feeling that I experienced was that of sinking. Then everything seemed to swim before my eyes, and with a fearful crash we all went down. I think we stopped once for a second or two, and then went down again. We were densely packed, and but for a hat that accidentally fell on my face, I must have been smothered. I thought just as we stopped the first time that I could live until I had taken the life from the small quantity of air contained in the hat, and then must *die*. But before the thought had barely time to cross my mind, the second fall took place. My husband, I think, must have been stunned by a severe blow on his face, for he remembers nothing of the fall. On stopping for the last time (as I supposed in the cellar) every one seemed stunned, for all was still as the grave, and I waited for some evidence to convince me whether I was still alive, but I had not to wait long, for the groans and cries that arose all around me were frightful to hear. I called my husband and listened for the answer; I found by his answer that he was next to me and not hurt seriously, if at all. I heard my friend groaning, but could not tell where she lay, that is, I could not tell in what position she lay, although I have since learned she was directly above me, with her head in my lap. The upper part of my body and left arm were free, but below my waist I experienced a terrible crushing sensation, as if tons were pressing down on us. My husband was in the same situation as myself, except that he was a little further

in under the weight and his right arm was free. We were piled up tier after tier of people, I don't know how many, and upon us all one of those heavy timbers. Each tier of persons seemed to lay in further under the timber than the preceding one. As I said before, I supposed we were in the cellar until the window directly in front of me was opened, and from that I saw that we were in the Sabbath school room, and I saw Mr. Spencer jump in; I could see it was him, for the moon shone brightly. There was a call for lights and they were soon brought,—and then began the work of extricating the victims. Many attempts were made to lift the timber that literally bound us to the ground. I knew that some were being liberated above, for as each one made any movement the plaster and loose material would come rolling down to a lower level, and finally settle on us. This I found very uncomfortable, and as I discovered a hat within my reach, I got it and held it over my face. This saved a great deal of the plaster from falling on my face; but as the people crowded in it was knocked out of my hand, but luckily, a few minutes after, another hat fell from above me, and this I used in the same way. But for this, I think I would have been smothered, for I could not move,—only turn my head a little.

As the crowd increased, I supposed it was almost impossible to distinguish any one on the floor, as we were almost literally covered with plaster, and I experienced much discomfort from occasional bruises in the face from the feet of those who were endeavoring to help those above me. This my husband protected me from by throwing his arm over my face. His arm was bruised very badly. My greatest dread was of fire, but God spared us from that! I could turn my head from the left side so that I could see upward, and it was a terrible sight that met my eyes! The timbers that were left hanging away up to the roof seemed as though waiting to fall and crush us. It seemed as though they would fall any moment, and I turned my face away that I might not anticipate that fate.

After lying there some time, some one discovered us on the floor and kindly gave me a drink and handkerchief to wipe my face, for which I shall always be grateful. After it was deemed expedient to saw the timber and raise it, I began to have hope, for I had none before, although I told my friends I had.

The young lady mentioned before called me, and told me that she was dying, but I did not think she was, as most all of them around me were saying something of that kind. I said, "Keep up good courage and we will get out all right." After this she called my name twice, and I answered her, and supposed she was waiting as I was, for the necessary help. But it seems she died before the timber could be lifted. I believe, as nearly as I can learn, that we lay there one hour. As soon as the timber was raised, my husband was able to draw himself out from under the bodies, but this I found it impossible to do, as my foot was caught in some way ; but I was soon liberated. I do not think we could have endured it much longer, as I began to experience some very disagreeable feelings, and Mr. Carpenter's breathing was very labored. But it was not required of us that we should remain there longer, and for our rescue, I thank God.

STATEMENT OF OLIVE C. HOLMES.

At the time of the accident, I was sitting at the table on the east side of the room near the door leading down to the Sabbath School room eating, and my sister, Theo, was standing behind my chair ; all at once the ceiling came down from overhead and carried the floor we were on down with it into the room below. The plaster dust filled the room so full we could hardly breathe. My sister called my name and I answered. We were close by each other, and I said to her : " Oh ! I don't want to stay here ; I want to go home to mamma." My sister said : " Keep still ; we shall be dead in a minute." Just then we stopped sliding, and we pulled ourselves to the wall by taking hold of the carpet ; we then went down the stairs to Jefferson street and thence home. The sofa which was on the same side of the room kept the things from crushing us. When we got down into the street my sister discovered she had no dress-skirt on ; we obtained it, however, in a few days, it having been taken from the ruins. We only received a few bruises. Our oldest sister, Grace, being nearer the center of the room, was instantly killed.

STATEMENT OF AMY J. HOLMES.

I was in the church at the time of the accident, and, when the crash came, was standing near the table in the

north-west corner of the room, quite near the kitchen. All I remember was a whirling sensation, and then I found myself firmly fastened in the timbers. I was almost under the kitchen and near the side which was broken off. As I was beginning to realize where I was, I heard the voice of one of my friends who had stood near me before the accident. After I was released by the sexton of the church, my friend and I started for home. I was taken out into the small room under the kitchen, and made my way out through the Sabbath School room and the Jefferson street door. I escaped with a few bruises. Sister Gracie was instantly killed.

STATEMENT OF CAIUS A. WEAVER.

Myself and wife were seated at a table directly in front of the north-west window, facing the center of the room and about two feet from the west wall. My wife was seated at my right side and John T. Jenkins sat opposite my wife with his back towards the centre of the room. We were talking pleasantly together and eating strawberries and ice cream, when suddenly, as if by magic, the noise ceased and the stillness of death pervaded the room for an instant—"then came the crash of ruins and the wreck of all." We started rather slow at first, sliding down an inclined plane, then suddenly falling a short distance to the lower floor. We were on the short joists, and the sudden fall was caused by the west end of the joists slipping off the wall. Not having an arm on my right side (having lost that one) to take hold of my wife, she threw her arms around my neck as we were sliding down. We went down in our chairs and landed in the crevice on our feet. In a second I was loose and on my feet, but my wife was bent forward and held down by her chair and her feet fastened by the timbers and *debris*. In a moment, a young man came into one of the west windows with a lantern, and handed it to me. I took it in my teeth, and then saw that a chair was holding and hurting my wife; my first move was to kick the back off the chair, thus relieving her and she straightened up. It was not until then that I saw and realized the situation and what had happened. My wife thought, as we were going down, that we would all be killed and would be found next day buried in the ruins. I cannot describe my feelings, only that I felt as though it was the last of me, for I

expected the walls were following us, and thought as we struck the bottom that we would be buried by them. Mr. Jenkins was buried underneath the table, dishes, strawberries and the *debris* from the ceiling. I remember getting him by the coat collar and helping him up. It was some minutes before I could get my wife loose—not, however, until Jenkins and some others around her were extricated first. While trying to relieve my wife I saw a lady's hand reaching up through the plastering, and heard her say, "Mr. Weaver, can't you raise this timber and let me out?" I asked her if she was hurt and if the timber was pressing on her. She said, "No." I then told her to keep still a moment. I do not know who she was; but saw men crawl under the ruins and take her out. I got my wife out by first taking her out of her clothing, and then pulling those out afterwards. A bracelet was knocked from her wrist, which was found in the *debris* somewhat injured.

We were very thankful to get out alive, and I believe we never felt any greater *joy* than when we sat inside of a carriage, side by side, and knew that we were spared to each other and were not seriously injured. The only bruises we received were about the legs and hips.

STATEMENT OF EMMA L. WILLIAMS.

I attended the Festival of the Central Baptist Church on the evening of the 23d of June, 1874. I entered the parlors of the church with two young ladies, and we had some lemonade. The parlors were crowded with people, so much so, that myself and the two lady friends alluded to, went down stairs for the purpose of getting some air, as it was very warm. After a little while we again went up stairs, but did not stay long; I purchased a ticket for the concert, and concluded to go down again. I had just got down in the hall when I heard something crack, which I supposed was the beams, and then the lights in the session room were extinguished; heard them screaming, some for help, others for mercy, and some singing, and then I saw and knew what had happened. I was bruised on the arm and side, but was so frightened at the time that I did not feel it until the next day. I saw a good many taken out, some that were dead, and others more or less injured.

Such a sight I never saw before, and I trust in God, never want to see again what I saw that night.

STATEMENT OF MRS. RUFUS P. BURDICK.

I had just entered the parlor with a lady friend of mine. We were making our way to the kitchen, and when we had reached the center of the room,—without a moment's warning, we went down. I cannot say, as some do, that we went down suddenly, for I did not. It was a gradual sinking of the floor. First, the carpet seemed to loosen under my feet, then the crash of the timbers, then the cries and screams of those that were being buried in the ruins, then all was dark, for I was completely buried. As I was going down I thought of my boy, who had accompanied me, oh, where is he? I did not learn anything of him until two hours afterwards, when he was brought home,—*not dead but living!* I was carried down in such a way that I was nearly crushed, as my chin rested on my chest, and my limbs doubled up in such a way that I wonder more bones were not broken, but fortunately only one limb was broken. I was bruised badly on my face and head, and also my body—principally my left side.

I thought I should smother to death, and think I should if I had not found relief just as I did. I thought too, we might be burned to death. I tried to throw myself wholly upon the arm of Jesus, and say, "Here Lord, take me just as I am." I felt that I must die, as I could scarcely breathe, when a heavy burden seemed to be removed from my head and shoulders. I then succeeded in freeing myself somewhat, so that I caught my breath as well as I could, with the dust of the plastering coming into my face which nearly strangled me. I looked up and saw an old gentleman above me clinging to the timbers, he gave me his hand, and said he could not help me, for his arm he feared was broken, I thought so too, as his hand was weak and trembling. It seemed to me that by holding my hand he kept me from going under some broken timbers. I learned that this gentleman's shoulder was dislocated, but fortunately no bones were broken. Soon after, John Carter came to my rescue, and with the aid of another gentleman, and with what assistance I could give them, they soon brought me up the broken timbers through the folding

doors, into the front parlor. Then I was taken by others and carried to Dr. Pease's office. Never shall I forget the kindness, although a stranger to them, which Mrs. Pease and her niece showed to me. I was soon cared for by Dr. Pease and taken home, and by his close attendance fully recovered. I feel that God has given me strength to bear this affliction.

While lying in the office waiting to be brought home, a lady was borne along through the hall and in through the room where I was lying. I thought I recognized her as Mrs. Barnes, but I thought this could not be, as it was not seemingly more than three minutes before we went down, I saw her at the table beside her husband, and a bright and happy smile resting upon her face. But alas ! too true, she was borne past me and laid in the room adjoining. I asked if she was dead, they told me they hoped not. Soon another body was brought in and laid upon the floor, which proved to be Dr. Wainwright. I asked if he was dead ; their answer was the same—they hoped not, but I soon learned that they were both dead.

I would like to say here that friends whom I knew before my injuries, I have since learned to *love*, and a feeling now exists in my heart that never can be erased. I feel that I never can repay them for the kindness shown me, but God can, and may the richest of heaven's blessings be theirs.

STATEMENT OF EDGAR STANSSELL.

I was standing in the middle of the floor when John Carter informed me of a vacant seat in the north-west corner of the building which had just been vacated by Dr. Wainwright. I had refreshments before me, waiting for a spoon, when the floor commenced sinking gradually ; the lights all disappeared before the floor had sunk two feet. I fell on my right side, one foot being fast, which I worked loose with the assistance of an iron rod. I immediately commenced climbing up the floor, holding fast to the carpet, to the second story window in the south-west corner, and jumping out of that to the ground. Landing safely, I proceeded to break in the windows on the first floor for fear of suffocation. The first person I assisted from the ruins was Miss Cora M. Babcock, whom I thought was hurt quite severely, and assisted her to her home. The first

person I saw after jumping out of the window was Mrs. J. A. Atwell, who took my coat, and I proceeded to assist whoever I could.

STATEMENT OF MART E. PARTRIDGE.

I was at the church on the night of the accident ; heard nothing of the approaching danger ; but, for some unknown reason, I raised my eyes to the ceiling and saw it giving away over the gas light, and then all was darkness ; in another instant I heard cries for help. I was one of the committee at Mrs. Garrison's table. I went down with the floor, but having presence of mind I caught something, which proved to be the door leading down the stairs to the pulpit in the main part of the church. I fell head foremost down the stairs, but received few bruises. I was talking to Gussie Carpenter and Mrs. Veeder a few moments before this, and had just crossed to the centre of the room when it fell. I think something must have struck my head and shoulder before I fell down the stairs.

STATEMENT OF CHARLES COLEBROOK.

My wife and little boy, (nearly seven years of age,) my daughter (Mrs. Aldrich) and husband, the Rev. Geo. Thos. Dowling and wife, and some others whom I knew, were seated at one table. Just as we were about to take refreshments, without a moment's warning, a sudden crash, and we were all precipitated to the first floor. We were in total darkness for a short time. Mrs. Dowling asked me what I thought about it ; my reply was, I thought it was all up with us. While sitting in darkness, I thought of my wife and little boy, of my daughter and her husband ; I heard nothing of them ; I supposed they were killed. I was not hurt to speak of ; in fact, none of us at the table were hurt, save a few bruises. How and where to get out we did not know ; at last a light appeared, and we began to make an effort to get out ; I was assisting Mrs. Dowling all I could, and at the same time was making some headway up the inclined floor. My wife, with her little boy, did the best she could to get out ; she managed to come up to a pair of stairs which led down to the pulpit ; in so doing, she entered the main part of the church, and jumped

off the platform of the pulpit to the floor ; she then stood upon a pew nearest a window, which she opened, and spoke to the crowd outside to save her boy ; by handing him through the window and also letting herself down, both were saved.

My wife, in relating the circumstances connected with this scene, says it seemed that the judgment day had come. Our little boy has no recollection of it whatever. He said to his mother, "What makes it so dark?" She replied, "The lights are gone out." When I got out I saw the people bringing out the dead and wounded. The first person I saw brought out was Dr. Wainwright ; the second was a little girl, whose name I did not learn. Every one that was brought out I was anxious to see, thinking perhaps it might be some of my own family ; at last I thought I would go to my son's store on East Genesee street to see if they were there. I found them there safe, with the exception of a few bruises. Thanks be to God for his kind providence in sparing us.

STATEMENT OF FRANK C. AINSLIE.

I had just passed the center of the room when I met Miss Gracie Holmes. She gave me an invitation to visit her table and partake of refreshments. While I was standing there talking with her, I felt the floor sinking beneath me. When I reached the bottom, I was lying partly on my back and side, with my head down the incline. I tried to free myself but could not do so, on account of being wedged in by others. My left leg was wedged in between two timbers, and held as though in a vise, while my back rested on another timber. I remained in that position until after the lanterns were brought in.

I saw the flash of a lantern on the wall, and supposed the building to be on fire. I made an extra effort and freed myself. I then crawled through a hole in the ceiling and helped others out. I did not realize that I was hurt much, until I reached home, when I found that I was severely bruised in the back and hip joint, and also found a cut two and three-fourth inches long by three-fourths of an inch wide, just above the knee.

STATEMENT OF GEO. S. MILLER.

I stood very nearly in the center of the room when I first felt myself sinking and heard a crashing, and my first thought was of the Richmond disaster of five years ago. To me it seemed like a *slow going down*, until near the lower floor, when the drop was quick. I felt not the least fear, nor was I the least excited, for I felt just as safe there as anywhere,—for I was in the hands of a dear, loving Father. I maintained my upright position, but when we stopped on the lower floor the ceiling, &c., from overhead came rushing down on my shoulders, which bended me over considerable. I had a little girl (Hattie Davis) in my arms,—she holding with a vise-like grasp, with both hands in my whiskers, and at the same time screaming, “We shall be killed!” I said to her, “Hattie, we are in God’s hands, and He will take care of us.” “Will He?”—“Yes,”—“Then I am not afraid.” And from that time she was still and quiet.

For five or eight seconds after we struck the floor it was still, and it was totally dark; then began those awful heart-rending screams,—groans,—calling for help! Parents for children,—children for parents, some of whom would never again hear or answer on earth, but to many others would be given back to their arms as from the dead. Two of us dug a hole through the plastering and lath; the other man crawled out and extricated one lady, then I handed up to him Hattie, and I stayed under there and helped those piled around me, and others above us pulled them out. By the time the live ones were out, larger holes had been broken through, and light from lanterns shone in and revealed at my back, a little to the right, four dead ones! One little girl, apparently about ten years old, lay free without any timber, iron, or anything near that could have injured her, nor no mark to be seen,—but probably death was caused by being trod upon, suffocated; also by her side lay a large man, think it was Dr. Wainwright; also two ladies, and from what I can learn they were Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Crow. Seeing they were dead and others had got in to help, I left them to try and release those in a suffering condition, for at my right, some three feet from where I went down, and just north of the desk, were two persons, held tight by timber, tables, &c. I started to help or release them if possible, one of whom was Miss Josie

Smith, and I think the other was Mr. Barnes, both being held by tables, timbers, irons, &c.

Mrs. Davis, the blind lady, was found sitting in her chair, just as she occupied it up stairs at the time of the accident, not even her glasses being knocked off, and she said that she was not hurt, but held so close that she could not get away.

As I had worked so hard, and it being so *hot* under there, inhaling lime dust and gas, I was completely exhausted, and was helped out and taken to my boarding house, where kind hands worked over me for nearly an hour,—that probably being the reason why my name appeared among the list of wounded. It was some four weeks before my lungs were free from lime and gas.

CORONERS AND JURORS ON INQUEST OF CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Elisha George and Jonathan Kneeland, Coroners.

Peter Burns, foreman; Josiah Brintnall, Nathan Cobb, Erastus B. Phillips, Elisha P. Howe, Timothy Hough, Charles W. Sherman, James S. Plumb, William Baumgras, Dudley P. Phelps, Edgar E. Ewers, Darwin L. Pickard.

WITNESSES EXAMINED.

June 25, 1874.—Hermon J. Eddy, George R. Allen, A. Dewitt Felton, Ichabod H. Searl, William T. Plant, Albert P. Potter, Frank P. Hale, Gardner B. Weeks.

June 26.—Benjamin F. Stevens, Alvah C. Spencer, Manning C. Palmer, Calvin B. Gay, Charles L. Chandler, Samuel L. Hunt, David Hall, Peter McSween, John H. Benjamin, William Dickinson.

June 29.—Edward Cheney, Edwin L. Benedict, H. Wadsworth Clarke, Jabez Grodevant, Henry K. Brown, John McBride,

August 10, 11, 12.—Horatio N. White, Miles W. Hanchett, Henry L. Duguid, E. R. Benedict, J. F. Potter, John R. Robertson, George Draper, Cyrenus W. Cook, S. C. Ballou, George A. Ostrander.

WITNESSES RE-CALLED.

Peter McSween, Calvin B. Gay, William Dickinson, M. C. Palmer, H. N. White, A. C. Spencer, A. P. Potter.

The examination into the cause of this terrible calamity commenced in the City Hall, June 25; two days after the accident. It was continued through June 25, 26, 27, 29, and then postponed to await the arrival of Mr. H. N. White, from Europe, where he then was. He arrived about the 1st of August, and the investigation was continued on the 10th of that month, lasting until the 14th, when the Jury rendered the following verdict:—

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
COUNTY OF ONONDAGA, } ss.

At an inquest indented and taken the 25th of June, 26th of June, 29th of June, and August 10th, 11th, 12th and 14th, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, for the people of the State of New York, in the city of Syracuse in said county, before Elisha George and Jonathan Kneeland, coroners of said county, on view of the bodies of Oscar E. Wainwright, Gussie Carpenter, Mary A. Barnes, Grace E. Holmes, Frank D. Stewart, Lola Horton, Minnie E. Thomas, Caroline Veeder, Mary A. Crow, Charles D. Collins, Margaret C. Karr, John Austen, then and there lying dead, upon the oath of Peter Burns, Dudley P. Phelps, Darwin L. Pickard, Erastus B. Phillips, Elisha P. Howe, Nathan Cobb, Josiah Brintnall, Timothy Hough, William Baumgras, Charles W. Sherman, James S. Plumb, Edgar E. Ewers, good and lawful men of said county, who being duly sworn and charged to inquire how and after what manner the said parties came to their deaths, do say, upon oath aforesaid, that they came to their deaths in the city of Syracuse, on the evening of the 23d day of June, 1874, in consequence of the falling of the parlor floor and ceiling above the lecture and Sunday school room connected with the Central Baptist Church, corner of Montgomery and Jefferson streets, on the occasion of a large assemblage of persons in attendance upon a church festival in said building. That the fall of said floor and ceiling was directly caused by the imperfection and failure of the truss to which they were attached. That in the year 1868, plans and specifications for the lecture room and parlor were made by H. N. White, architect, of this city, in which plans the floor of this parlor was to have been supported by iron columns resting on brick piers from the ground, and the ceiling, by

wood columns resting above the iron columns which supported the floor. That during the progress of the work in the latter part of 1868, this original plan was changed, by substituting for the columns a truss with depending iron rods from above, to which the floor and ceiling were attached. That this change was made by direction of the building committee of the church, sanctioned by its board of trustees, with the consent and approval of the architect, as is alleged by M. C. Palmer, the acting member of the building committee, but without his assent and without his approval, as Mr. White himself affirms.

Other oral testimony was given before the jury on this point, which was equally conflicting.

The papers in evidence, consisting of contracts, specifications and estimates for work done, make no reference to the change which was made, nor in any way indicate that the changed plan formed any part of, or was at all contemplated in the written contracts for enclosing or finishing up the building made with Dickison & Gillett, the contractors—and so the jury find.

The evidence as to the precise relations which Mr. White sustained towards the building as its architect, is as conflicting as is that which relates to the change of plan; and while the members of the jury differ somewhat in their endeavors to reconcile the conflicting statements made before them under oath, as they also differ in the degree of credence which they give to the witnesses testifying before them, they are unanimous in this, and so they find, that the work went on, and the fatal change of plan was made, under a loose, indefinite, uncertain and unbusiness-like way, for which building-committee, architect and contractors are alike, but in different degrees responsible.

In the conflict of evidence before them, the jury do not attempt, as it would be quite impossible for them, to divide this responsibility between all the parties who should share it, and give to each their several justly deserved portions. They can not, however, say less than this, that the interference of the chairman of the building committee with the plans of the architect, in so important a particular, after such plans were made and contracts executed for the building with reference to them, however well intended, would have been under any circumstances, injudicious and unwise, and in this case, proved to be fully disastrous. Nor

can the architect throw off all responsibility by saying that the change was made against his judgment and without his assent, so long as he continued in professional relations to and in superintendence of the building under the contract for its completion ; knowing that this change of plan had been made and was being carried out, we think a duty devolved upon him which he did not fully perform.

But, however this division of responsibility should be made between these parties, there is no difference in the minds of the jury as to the large share of it which should rest upon the builders employed to do the work, on whose judgment, discretion and mechanical skill and integrity the proper construction of the truss mainly depended, they having the entire confidence of both Mr. Palmer and Mr. White, but who so signally failed to meet the requirements of the case. The timber of which the truss was composed was defective, and the plainest mechanical principles for insuring strength were disregarded in its construction.

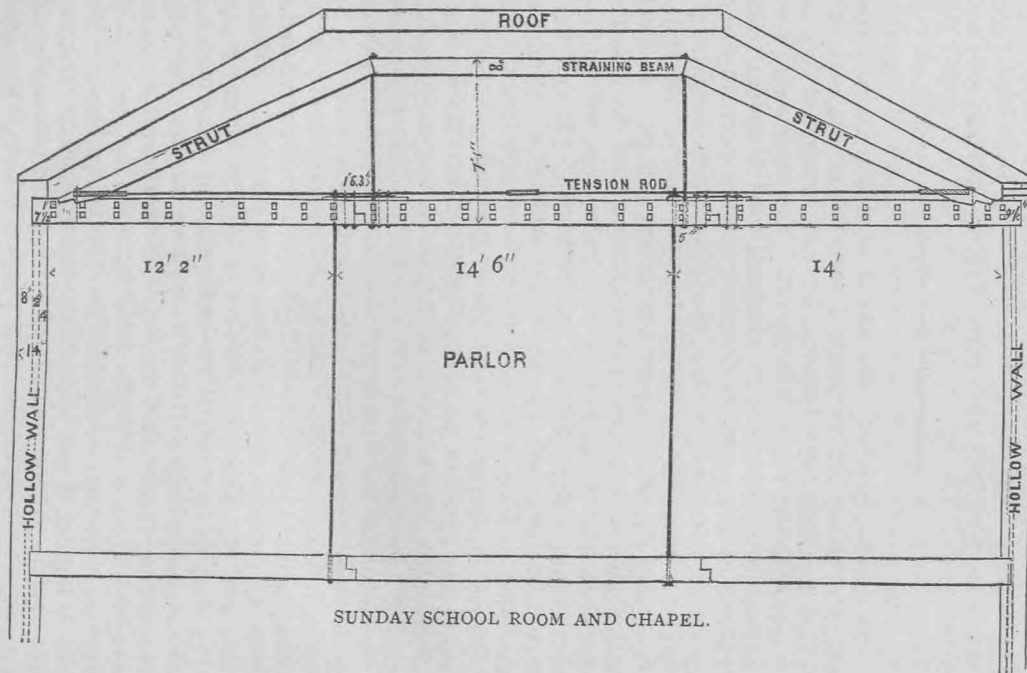
And now with this disaster in mind, and remembering that other public buildings may be unsafe for the purposes for which they are intended, the jury feel that they will have failed to discharge their whole duty if they neglect to urge, as they do urge in the most emphatic manner upon the Legislature of our State, the enactment of a proper law by which all such buildings, already or hereafter to be constructed, shall be subject to careful official inspection and supervision, with ample powers under such law to insure the public safety. We think there should be a general law upon this subject, but if that cannot be, we ask at least that there may be one specially enacted for the city of Syracuse.

Evidence was also adduced before the jury showing that Carrie Ostrander, aged sixteen, received injuries at the same time and place, from which she subsequently died, but the jury were not called upon to view the body.

Signed :—Jonathan Kneeland, Coroner ; Elisha George, Coroner ; Peter Burns, Foreman ; Josiah Brintnall, Nathan Cobb, Erastus B. Phillips, Elisha P. Howe, Timothy Hough, Charles W. Sherman, James S. Plumb, William Baumgras, Dudley P. Phelps, Edgar E. Ewers, Darwin L. Pickard.

DESCRIPTION OF TRUSS.

The timber forming the chord of this truss was composed of three beams notched together at the ends with 4 inch laps forming a beam 42 feet long, 12 inches deep and 8 inches wide, which was to carry the inner ends of the ceiling joists, which were morticed into it on each side. This beam was evidently designed to be supported by posts or pillars. And to get rid of the inconvenience of these pillars this beam or girder was trussed, and its joints tied together; the whole together forming the truss. It is very well shown in elevation in the engraving, but the following description of the manner of its construction will make it still clearer: The north and middle beams were solid hemlock, notched together at the joint, so that the shoulder on the north beam was under that on the middle beam. The joint was tied together with two iron straps 4 inches wide and 2 feet long, the upper one being 5-8 inch thick, with a piece of 1 3-4 inch ash plank between it and the top of the timber; the lower strap was 1 inch thick, and was let into the bottom of the timber its thickness. These straps were bound together with four 3-4 inch iron bolts, two in the end of each beam, one bolt in the north beam being in the joint in the upper part of the beam, the other five inches from it. Between these bolts and in the center of the timber was a 1 1-4 inch hole, which was hidden by the straps. The purpose of this hole was not apparent. The truss rod, or rod suspending the timber from above, was placed through the middle timber, and through the iron straps, 3 inches from the lower side of the joint between the beams. To the south of this were the two remaining bolts. The notched joint, it will be seen was wrong side up for carrying the end of the north beam so that it was solely supported by this arrangement of straps and bolts. The south beam was made of four 2 inch planks spiked together, and was strapped and bolted to the middle beam in the manner above described. The truss rod at this point passed



through the end of the middle timber but not through the strap. The notched joint in this instance happened to be properly made for carrying the unsupported beam. The truss rods originally put in were of 1 1-2 inch round iron. When the floor was suspended, 2 inch round iron rods were substituted. The upper members of the truss were of 6 by 8 inch hemlock timber with 2 inch plank spiked on each side, forming 10 by 8 inch beams. The feet of the struts were double notched into the top of the chord timber entirely within the bearings, and each was secured by a single 3-4 inch iron bolt set vertical instead, of at right angles with the strut, as is proper. The truss rods passed through the joints between the struts and straining beam, the nut at the upper end of each bearing upon an 8 inch round washer. The lower end of the south rod carried a similar washer, which was let into the bottom of the timber. A tension rod of 1 1-2 inch round iron was put on. This had at each end a collar or stirrup around the lower end of the strut, bearing against a notch cut into the timber. In the middle, connecting the two portions of the rod, was a turnbuckle and nut, by which the tension rod could be tightened. This was an entirely unnecessary fixture, intended to strengthen the truss by preventing the straining of the joints in the chord timber. The stability of the cross walls at each end of the truss would have been sufficient to prevent the chord from spreading at its joints. The bearings of the truss were at re-entrant angles in the outer wall and were very short, being but 7 1-2 inches at the north and 9 1-2 inches at the south end, and almost entirely over the inner tier of brick of the wall, which was separated from the middle tier by a 2 inch space. This truss as described was obviously intended to carry the upper ceiling only, and for this purpose was probably sufficiently strong, although shabbily constructed of poor timber. But the suspension of the floor to it, in the manner it was done, altered the case entirely, and the truss became a trap. Instead of making the suspension rods of the floor continuous to the top of the truss, they were attached to the timber chord. At the south point the floor rod passed through the same beam with the truss rod of 5 inches north of it. The suspension here was very nearly continuous, and there was no particular strain upon the joint of the chord. At the north joint however, the floor rod was hung upon

the north beam 18 3-10 inches from the truss rod, and on the opposite side of the joint, and of course with a constant tendency to pull the notched joint apart. And here the truss probably gave way. The entire weight carried by the truss upon the fatal evening was less than 15 tons, one-third of the weight of the ceiling and floor with its contents, the other two-thirds being sustained by the surrounding walls. This was not strain enough upon the truss to twist the top over.

The tension rod would actually weaken the truss by withdrawing the tension from the composite timber chord, and consequently loosening the joints, allowing the more play in them, from the vibrations transmitted from the floor below, every time the room was occupied. And this constant action had its greatest effect at the north joint, until finally, the north beam, from which the weight was directly suspended, weakened by its fiber being cut away by bolt holes, was torn away from the straps and bolts by which it was sustained. The upper members of the truss for a moment maintained their integrity, and sustained the floor by the south floor rod. This is the probable reason of the pause after the first sensation of sinking.

One or two simple changes in the design of the truss would have made it a perfectly safe one. If the chord had been a single unmutated beam, and the floor rods continuous with the truss rods, the truss without counter-bracing, would have safely carried more than three times the weight which broke it down. If the floor had been crowded full of adults, the load upon the truss would not have exceeded twenty-three tons. The ultimate safe strain upon the iron rods is one hundred and fifty tons. So that a single rod dependent from a properly counter-braced truss would have carried the maximum load with safety.

Experiments with a model of the truss, made upon a scale of one-twelfth the original, or one one-hundred-and-forty-fourth its sustaining power, confirm my theory of the manner in which the truss gave way,—by pulling apart the north joint in the chord. Another model, the same size of the truss with the simple changes suggested by a preceding paragraph, sustained an equivalent of fifty tons without damage.

H. W. CLARKE.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 1, 1874.